

Novembris Monstrum.
OR
ROME BROUGHT TO
BED IN ENGLAND.

with
The Whores Miscarrying.

Made long since for the Anniversary Solemnity on the fift day of November, In a private Col-
ledge at Cambridge.

By A. B. C. D. E.

And now by conquering importunity
made publique.

For a small memoriall of England's
great deliverance from the
Powder-Treason.

By E. M. A. D. O. C.

Monstrum, Horrendum, Informe,
In-
gens, chilumen ademptum.

London, Printed by F.L. for John Bur-
roughes, at the signe of the Golden
Dragon in Fleetstreet. 1641. c

11623.a.15



PRODITIONIS CONCEPTVS.

Upon the first plotting of the Treason.



Nd see ; the Pope hath travail'd
once againe
With a new *Affrick* Monster,
worse then came
From their she-popedome,when
a woman prov'd

The Churches head, & all the body mov'd. (then
(Poore headlesse she-church, where was thy head
When *Jone* did loose her maiden-head with men?
Oh she tooke care for that,least *Rome* should need
Succeeding Popes,she would her self popes breed)
But whither roves my muse ? come backe againe,
And see another of that breeding traine
Goe big with envie, labouring with a birth,
Swell'd with a plot,nay brought to bed ith' earth.
Ready to teeme forth from a monstrous thigh
A strange delivery, the birth was nigh.
Twas comming forth, but had not strength to give
So big a monster, as it did conceive.
Fye *Rome* ! thou wantst a midwife, or a *Jone*
That can without an helpe bring forth alone.

Maurix

II.

Matrix, in qua pubescit embrion.
 Upon the vault, in which the treason
 was hatcht.

z.

Upon the buying of the vault.

Downe with price of blood, if you would faine
 As you have sold out soules, buy in againe,
 The purchase you have got by emptyng
 Your purgatorie may well full't againe.
 Looke on this arched vault, how will it make
 An high way passage to the Stygian Lake ?
 The price you had the last soules you did sell,
 Will buite the Catholiques this way to hell.
 Where's He that beares the bag, your *Iudas* tro,
 That seeketh to betray his Mother so ?
 Tell him we are agreed, the vault is fold
 Bid him deliver up the money told.
 See, see he comes, Ile warrant you he'e'l sweare
 The peices that he brings some relique are,
 Those thirty peices *Iudas* had, and we
 May be content to fall as low, as he
 Who was bought once for them; And be it so,
 So *Iudas* fall as low as *Iudas* too.

Ep

13

O₂

P

Frontispeece Discovered.

The D E V I L plots, the P O P E will owen
The J E S V I T E must act or none.

One God doth S E E and S M I L E, and B L A S T,
What Hell, and Rome, and all forecast.

Tis not the blacknesse of the Pit
Can cloud this E Y E from seeing it.

Tis not the deepenesse of the Pit,
Can straine this A R M E from reaching it.

Tis not the terrour of the Pit
Can scare this S M I L E from daring it.

His eye can chase the thickest mist,
His Arme can conquer, when it list,

One looke, one touch, one Smile can quell
The Pride and Policy of Hell;
And let them yet more forces call,
God will be too hard for all.



23 AP 57

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London, Printed by F.L. for T.Slater,
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shui gao shui

ДИНАМІЧНІ ЯВЛЯ У ТІЛАХ. УДАРІ

out the library of Yonkers

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wǒu bùA

By conducting inquiry
into the supplies.



• 10. 1905. 11. 1905. 12. 1905.



THE DEDICATORY.



Oe little Booke, (my unlick'd Poetry)
And be a Patron to thy selfe and mee,
Shift it among the crowd, and
never stay (gay),
To dresse thy selfe, like other trim and
with borrow'd Titles; pluckt from great Ones, who
Are honour'd by the Honour that they doe,
Wearre thy owne cloathes, and thinke it more to bee
Knowne by thy face, then by a livery.
We're trust unto fond ficklenesse, that may
Afford a smile at first, and then betray,
That hisse and kill, that by embraces smother,
With one hand take, and throw away with th'other,
That own a Booke, because the be'g owns them,
Or else they'd never own the Booke agen,
Let those that can warpe Conscience in a straine
And count it but a Poets Spencer veine
To fawne and flatter, and have learnt to call;
One Good, because he's Great, though worst of all;

The Dedicatore.

Let those who can weigh vertue by the pound,
Where it is scarce by Drammes and Ounces found
Who make it then chiefe Masterpiece of wit,
To Banckrupt Hcounr by out-rayling it
Who can say I, or No, sweat, freeze, as bee
Is hot or could, who is their Deity.

Let such Idolatrons of Greatnesse shew,
They dare not walke abroad, unlesse they goe
Under some Hee or Shee-Protection:

My Muse shall venture in another fashion
Make thine owne licence (little one) and bee
Protection to thy selfe, a Passe to mee.

And let such scratching Patron-mongers know
Thowlt not on stilts, nor yet on Crutches goe,
On thy own feete thoult either runne or crawl:
And if thou canst not stand on them, thoult fall,
Waigh neither smile nor frowne, but when you see
Best usage say, this shall my Patron bee:
And as for others that disdaine, say thou
My Master owns me not, and why should you?

Vnde (nec Invideo) sine me Liber ibis

To



To the Reader.

R Eader, goe on ; but first pray wash your eyes
From Criticisme curiosities.

Then thou mayest see the clearer, judge the better :
Spend a licentious verdict on each letter,
Be peremptorie to condemne or praise,
Subscribe to this with boldnesse, and that race
With a judicious pen, and make it fit.

For naught but Drugiters shrops wast-paper it
And spare not (Reader) if thy courtesie
Bid them peruse that, which it made thee by
There are but two I feare, and they shall make
My feare more carelesse for their empty sake
As for the the nicer, squeasy, wanton tast
That's alwaies picking, but still loves to wast,
I weigh not his court phancy : let it be

Spent on his wanton *Thais*-poetry.

And for that carping rout that love to be
Still following *Mosses* in his livery,
That thinkes their judgements never shine, untill
They finde some blots dropt from anothers quill
Let them still grin, and snarle, I'le sayno more
Then th' Spartan Prince to an Amhassador,

Who

To the Reader.

Who being found by him sporting away
The tedious howers of a Summer-day ;
Amongst his little children did request
The Ambassador to let his censure rest,
Till he had children of his owne, just so
Till thou hast something of thine owne to shew :
Leave off, or if thou wilt still snarling be,
Let me see thine, Ile doe as much for Thee.

THE



The Introduction.



I.
Here are those cristall floods,
which from our eyes
Should make a second Sea?

Those briny stremes,
Which from the swelling veines
of griefe should rise

And flow like surgy Neptune, when he teames
His daily incomes to enrich his Bride,
And still with new revenemes swelles his tyde

2.
Where are those gales of sighes, a windy gale
To drive my paper Pinnace that it may
Mounted upon a briny ocean saile,
And through a See of teares finde out the way
Vnto the sea of Rome, and there descry
Hells masterpiece of hell-hatcht villany?

The Introduction.

There rides the whore in state, that purple whore,
 Mounted on high upon a scarlet beast ;
 That man of sinne, quite surfetted with goare,
 Gorg'd with the flesh of Saints at Plutos feast.
 Bathed in Nectar blood, pancht with mans flesh,
 As if it were high Ioves Ambrosia dish.

Fourre Cardinalls coupled beares him up in state,
 Lending their shoulders to support his pride,
 No lesse then Kings and Emperours must waite
 To hold his stirrop when he meanes to ride ;
 And for their paines perchance shal kisse his Toe
 Whether his highnesse doe weare socks or no.

He beares his coate from truest Heraldry,
 A Lyon-Rampant in a sanguine field,
 Bulls the supporters, fit for crueltie,
 A Drago in the crest, which flames doth yeeld
 Belcht from sulphurious lungs into a flood ;
 The word, or motto is, Nothing but blood.

His pastimes little else but crueltie,
 To murther Princes is a recreation,
 Spurning downe thrones is sporting jollitie,
 Nay to doe all of these is true religion,
 Gives marrow to their meritts, wins the prize,
 And rids them soon to heaven with easie thighes

The Introduction.

3

To curse to Purgatori's but the fashion,
And therefore 'tis a sinne it should goe downe;
To finde out tortur's but to wrack invention,
Worthy a Card'nalls cap, or Fryers Crowne.

An inquisition is a mercy seate
Pitty, compared to their venome heate.

8

No fire burnes so cleare, or warmes so well,
As that, that's kindled at a stake to burne
whole legions of Heretiques to hell,
Who stubborne in the truth denie to turne.

Too The common bonfyre of a whole nation,
Is but a festivalls right celebration.

9

To strangle infant Majestie before
he cradle suffers it to weare the crowne,
And dye it's mantle in a purple goare,
hat it may never know a scarlet gowne
Is but true doctrine at a Councellread,
And therefore must by them be practised.

10

bey'l fire whole solemnities, and burne
the sacrificers to a sacrifice,
thus make the Temple but a common urne
to hold a quier of Martyre Saints, who dye
Before they dye, seeing their destinie
March towards them before it commeth nigh.

B 2

T

The Introduction.

11.

To make of Church and people but one fire,
 (Surprizing them within that sacred wall,)
 Is nothing but to kindle their desire,
 Warming their zeale least it should faltring fall
 Into a colder chilnesse, and so spoyle
 The blaze of their good workes for want of oy-

12.

They whet the knife of cruelty and cut
 The tongues from living men, that they may try
 To tempt downe heaven from heaven it selfe, &
 The Gods unto a miracle, if they
 Expect the prayses due to Deity,
 Well warbled from a tun'd fidelity.

13.

They dig the infant from its living grave
 (That fearelesse innocency, which doth lye
 Prison'd ith' parent wombe untill it have
 Queene natures mandat for its liberty.)

And then they dandle it on a pike till it
 Fall to its first and last sleepe at their feet.

14.

Have not you seene a fetter'd prisoner loose
 The burden of his shackled teathering,
 And scape his uncoath dungeon-repose,
 Only that he may be conveyd agin
 Into some closer goate, where he shall lye,
 Till death his iron gables doth untye?

The Introduction.

5

15.

else till with the hands of justice knit
faster twist (made for his destiny)
leads him from th' prison to that place, where it
is soule and body must at once untie.

Just thus the infant from its prison womb
Is freed to be imprison'd in a tambe.

16.

ut yet we're hardly half the way, put on
tryide faster in the roads of cruelty,
you'll see perhaps a sucking babe anon,
which smiling to the mothers lullaby,
Hangs on her melting breast, and whilst it takes
The honey flowing from those milkie lakes,

17.

ome fist, that's brandid with frequent cruelty,
uite spoyles the draught, snatching it frō her breast,
nd to compleate determin'd villainy
rceth the Parent for to doe the rest.
Making her turne Medea, rend and scatter
The tender softnesse of that infant matter.

18.

yet, oretake bin Tiger-Neroes traines,
ose ten that nursed persecution,
st with the blood that sprang frō Martyrs veins
ut after gave it flesh to feede upon,
Till it out-liv'd fourre ages, and did turne
Three hundred yeares into an ash-heapt urne.

B 3

(Could

The Introduction.

19

Could I but speake his butcher-crueltye?
I woulde make my mouth spit blood at every word
Blacker then incke, and force my penne to dyc
Each line into a scarlet thred : his sword
Learnt murther from him, whom it would not slay
But first must trie her skill another way.

20

when Nero knew not how to live or die,
(For dye he woulde not though he knew the way)
His venome's such, that when he doth but try
To slay himselfe, he must another slay.
Then to his servant slay thy selfe sayd He
That I may learne to kill my selfe by Thee.

21

This Nero, grandfire of grand-crueltie
Begot that brat of persecution,
And seeming pions in impietie,
Left it to a succeeding guerdion.
Domitian, Hadrian, and Antonius verus
Trajanus, Maximinus, and Severus.

22.

Those Brother-Emperors of Hydra-Rome,
Who rise like ten heads from that dragon-beast,
And out of their enflamed mouthes did foame
A venom'd froath upon the Christian breast.
Hydra indeed! No sooner once was dead,
But in the roome sprang up another head.

The Introduction.

7

23

Next flames out Decius, who did commit
A sacralligious rape on chasteitie,
And in a ruder flame at once unknit
The chaster zoanes of pure virginitie.

Commanding 40 vestalls for to turn
True virgin-Martyrs in one common MVR.

24

What shall I speake of t' other viper-brood
Galerius and Peternus, which did leade
The brat by both the hands, till it withstood
That stoutest Martyre champion, who did bleed
I th' face of persecution, Laurence, he
That taught the Gridiron to sing Poetrie.

25

Next sprange Aurelian from that Tyrant race,
Who first did season his unnaturall hand
For after murtherers, in that infant place
Where his owne blood did run, cutting the band
That ty'd his sister unto him more neere
Had but he priz'd her, as his sister, deare.

26

But heaven fate Judge, and censur'd; saw, that He
In this first act had spent such blood, as might
Have fed ten persecutions, and be
full tyranny; Heaven therefore stops him quite,
And will not suffer him to quench his thirst,
That made himself quite drunk with blood at first

The Introduction.

27.

Iove summons up his Cyclops, and command's
The thunder to proclame an open way,
Breaking in sunder the clouds faster bands,
That th' lightning may her brighter face display :
Thus frightned with the flashings of that eye,
Which glanc'd on him, He leaves his crueltie.

28.

Next raging as a whitemind riseth he,
That sweepes before him like the wanton dust
Whole Christendomes of Saints, and made them be
Like atom'd crummes under his foot-stoole thrust.
Stay not to aske his name, Reader, goe on,
You'l finde him nothing but Ambition.

29.

Twas He, that crowded for the Imperiall throne
Soaring on Eagles wings Ambition gave him,
Till he at length reacht it, to rule alone,
By doing that his concubine would have him.
Druas commands, A wild boare must be slaine,
He thrusts at Aper, and begins to reigne.

30.

Twas He, that dambd Ambition ore with pride,
Being once an Emperour, he must be God ;
Hees Phœbus brother, brother to his Bride,
Hee'l sway both earth and Heavens imperiall rod.
Whenonce Ambition doth begin to fly,
Like Icarus, twill either mount, or dye.

An

The Introduction.

9

31.

And now He pouereth out a swift decree
led with waxe, that cannot melt away)
t hee'l be worshipped for diuine
people kisse his feet, those stumps of clay,
And take him for a God; he'l be no man:
iddle his name; 'twas Dioclesian.

32.

Who but Dioclesian could doe that,
which Pride commanded, with a prouder hand,
loue a furnace up, that might outdare
yeares; and hotter then Ten could command
before him with their bloodyest decrees:
He was the bottom, and so gave the lees.

33.

Rome, looke backe and blush upon the guilt
whose that markt thee on the forehead so,
cruelty they suckt, twas thy breasts spilt,
then they spend it on their forreigne foes.
these, these were thy Decemviri, that made,
in persecutions a ten-age trade.

34.

act the quintessence of villanie,
use the horridst deeds, that ere were don;
e to the deptb of Phlegeton and see
odt cruelties the furies thinke upon.
All is but sucking malice to that they
Doe execute on thase, on whom they prey.

B 5

Cru-

35

*Cruelty's turnd an Art, 't hath gott to be
Among the liberall sciences, most fitt
For him, that would be rich in pollicie,
He's the best Scholler, that's best skild in it.*

*The top of honour is to vale her throane,
Be without this you must let that alone.*

36

*The Iesuit that climbs by step degrees
From his shorne crowne unto a Card nalls cap,
And thence upon Ambitions pineon flees
To Peters Chayre that he may take a nap,
Winnes all by forging out some skulking treas
Not by his judgement but inventi on.*

37

*Charity dwells not now in Hospitalls,
Th' hast left her Countey houfe, and's come to town
Wintring her selfe within the frozen walls
Of some cold dungeon upon Tellus downe.
Merits swarme thicker from a Lollards Towe
Then from the maint' nance of a beeds-man bow*

38

*He'll sooner passe for heaven, that dying leaves
A legacie to build an inquisition;
Or else his scrapt up silverlings bequeathes
To nurture up some tart invention.*

*Which may delve out new waies for villany,
And teeme forth 'cother bastard-cruelty.*

The Introduction.

39

To flie to forraigne nations on the wind,
And crosse the seas that they may crosse the land,
So get more worlds, if more were left behind,
And with a paper bull them all command,
Is the Ambition burnes within their breast,
And keepes their busie soules from taking rest.

40

To puffe up States and Kingdomes at a blast,
To plucke downe Crownes and Septers at one fall,
To swallow Realmes to breake a mornings fast,
And yet scarce satisfied there withall;
Is but course fare at a Lent ordinary,
Such is there raving-craving cruelty.

41

But soft a while, take fresher breath (my muse)
Leave off to lash her former whoredomes still,
She hath bin scourg'd enough for old abuse,
And yet her fornication-cup doth fill
With new-brew'd poysон; spare thy whip that it
May take new strength, & not the latter quic.

42.

Had every persecution bin ten,
And each had burned longer then them all
Maintained with fresh fury, till all them
That were but Christned Protestants had fall,
Thad made but a straw bonfier compar'd
With that hell-fuell they of late prepar'd

F 160

The Introduction.

43.

Fuel in oyle, which had but Plato seen
Heapt up, He, staggerd at the sight, would sweare
Envy's Idea had existent bin,
And on the stage ne're durst before appeare.

Fuell stor'd up to feede revenge, and be

A plot to puzzle all Hyperbole.

44.

I ad but Pythagoras diviner soule
By transmigration dwelt in other men,
And so osziliv'd his owne age, and then stole
into another, and at length had bin.

One of our owne ; He, seeing this alone,
Might well out-vie all ages with this one.

45.

Call up Chronology, and bid her bring
Her banch of keyes to open Historie ;
Ransack that cabinet, and view each thing,
That she hath lockt up from her infancy.

Call aged Time, and bid him search his file
That he this cruelty may parallell.

46.

Arrest the Sunne, and stay his Coach for thee,
That thou mayst parly with him : aske him then
If riding all his circuit He could see
such treachery, as in this age hath bin.

Chronology must tye up Historie,

Time hang his file, and Phœbus silent be.

Then

47

ben summon up the Furies from their cell;
 re rock at the doores of darkenesse, and there see,
 thou canst speake with Pluto, King of Hell,
 to Proserpina admitted be.

Sue for a Synod, and then try if they
 Can match themselfes agin, or match the day.

48

Hell stands amaz'd. Pluto is mad that he
 could be outvi'd on earth: The Furies swaro
 ey went beyond commission; and decree
 Hell shall afford no more, if they come there.

Megera loaths her service, and decrees
 To dwell on earth to learne new cruelties.

49

Charon howles for madnesse, and opes wide
 triple throat, from which a whirlwind came,
 which made the rivers rage into a tyde,
 droar'd, as if they threatned all hells frame.
 That Pluto thought therable had come downe
 Missing their plot on earth, to get his crowne.

50

old but the gelid feare, that freezeth mee,
 cloysters up my blood in coldest veines,
 ease my speech, and set my tongue but free,
 could unfold a treachery, containes
 The Elixar of the bitterest druggs, that are
 Mong all th' Apothecary Pluto's ware.

Then

51

Then cease thy Styx-dy'd mantle (tragedy)
 And buckle soone thy bloody busking on
 Dipt ten graines deeper in their goary dye,
 Doe thou attend us, while we treate upon
 Seven headed Hydra, hatcht long since in Rom
 And what concepions teome within her wombe.

52

X But where's the quill that can drop lines of bлоу^N
 But where's the tragick pensell that can paint
 Such hideous cruelty scarce understood?^{III}
 Or fathom'd with the thoughts of man or Saint.^{SIC}
 But wher's the fiery muse that can dcribe,^{PRI}
 The treachery of that infernall tribe.^{TAR}

53

Nor thoughts, nor words are ready to unfold
 That hideous tragedy, whose plot was found
 And first contriv'd in hell, but never could
 With prologue once salute the English ground,
 Although the stage was built, the scene was
 On which that Tragick act was to be playd(m)

54

That tragick act, the thought whereof doth maRom
 My quivering muse afraid, my ague-quill Cuij
 Shakes in deciphering it, my hands doe quake ; Prod
 My teare-drownd eyes a fresh supply distill Exp
 And yet at length grow dry; my haires t' untwone
 And stand an end like quills o'th' Porcupine.

But soone my Muse recovered, and my quill
Obeyd the hand that gnided it; mine eyes
Clear'd up, and would no farther showers distill,

Ron Then soone I set up in the enterprize.

nbe. Turne o're the page, draw but the curtaine, there
bloo You'l see the Monster-Tragedy app:are.

Argumentum.

(ca)

Africa multa dedit, vix vix dedit Affrica tan-
Quanta uno peperit Roma à tigre tigra monstro.
Nec miranda cano: Romæ Lupa namque Noverca,
Illa dedit monstrum, cur non dabit Illaque monstrum
Sic canibus eatuli similes, Lupa Sicque Lupillo.
Primulus en monstri conceptus; Adultera matrix:
Tartareo spurcam spargit dum semine matrem
Roma ferox, cæta generatur Filia noctis.
Monstri fama fugit, tantæ quoque Nuncius auræ
Pegasis volitat pennis: mox qualia monstra
ma Roma dabit, dubio meditatur pectore quisque.
Cujus ope proles tatebrofis parta tenebris
Prodeat in lucem, Obstetrix è Tartare surgit.
Expectata dies celebranda est; Romaque gestit
Conceptu partus, sed mox prorcpit abortus.

*Proditoris concep*ti*s.*

- 1 *Matri*x*, in qua pubescit embryo*n*.*
- 2 *Tempus quo generatur mons*trum*.*
- 3 *Ips*e* generandi artus.*
- 4 *Concept*is* fama.*
- 5 *Fama mercuri*s*.*
- 6 *Part*s* determinatio*n*is.*
- 7 *Prae*dicta* Obstetrix.*
- 8 *Natalis expectata celebra*tio*.*
- 9 *Abortiv*um* mons*trum*.*
- 10 *Parturient*is* periculum.*

Upon the first plotting of the Treason.

- 1 Upon the vault in which this Treason was hatcht
- 2 { Upon the buying of it.
3 { Upon their working in the night.
- 4 Upon the bringing of the Pouder from Lambeth and laying it in the Cellar.
- 5 Upon the Letter sent to my Lord Mounteagle.
- 6 { Upon the quill that writ the Letter.
7 { Upon the sending of it to the King.
- 8 The Kings discovering of the plott.
- 9 The Match of hunting appointed to surprize the Lady Elizabeth.
- 10 The misfaryng of the birth.
- 11 Romes Downefall in Black-Fryers upon their fift day of November.



PRODITIONIS CONCEPTVS.

Vpon the first plotting of the Treason.



And see ; the Pope hath travail'd
 once againe
 With a new Affrick Monster,
 worse then came
 From their she-popedoime, when
 a woman prov'd
 the Churches head, & all the body mov'd. (then
 oore headlesse she-church, where was thy head
 when *None* did loose her maiden-head with men?
 in she tooke care for that, least *Rome* should need
 exceeding Popes, she would her self popes breed)
 But whither roves my muse? come backe againe
 And see another of that b
 ooe big with envie, lat
 well'd with a plot, n
 eady to teerne fort
 Strange delivery, t
 was comming for
 ooe big a monster,
 ye *Rome* ! thou
 hat can with

II.

Matrix, in qua pubesceit embrion.

Vpon the vault, in which the treason
was hatcht.

I.

Upon the buying of the vault.

Downe with price of blood, if you would faine
As you have sold out soules, buy in againe.
The purchase you have got by emptying
Your purgatorie may well fai'l againe.
Looke on this arched vault, how will it make
An high way passage to the Stygian Lake ?
The price you had the last soules you did sell,
Will buie the Catholiques this way to hell.
Where's He that beares the bag, your Indastro
That feeketh to betray his Mother so?

the vault is sold

money told. day old for
nt you hee'l sweare
ne relique are.
, and we
as he
n; And be it so,

²
Upon the digging of the vault.

I

And what are you that Tribe, who doe denye
Your black guard thus, the honour of a bed?
Who make it death once with a bride to lye,
Tis Symony to buy a maiden head.

2

And yet forsooth you'l dare to ravish all
At once your common mother, force a birth
Whether she will or no a monſter ſhall, (earth
Teeme from her wombe out of the groaning

3

You'l rent her matrix elſe, which nature taught
By cloſing ſuch an incest to deny:
As if ſhe had foreſene, that Rome had thought
To grapple with her mothers ſecrecy.

4

What ſteepes your frolik ſpleenies in choller ſo?
What mooves your touchy blood to ſuch a tide,
How came your pampered carkasses to doe
Such ravisht rapes unto your mothers ſide?

5

And muſt you needs with pickaxe, and with ſpade,
Threaten unlesſe ſhe grant your villany?
Have you no milder Rhetorique to perſuade,
And woe a yeeld to ſuch a curteſie?

What

6.

What made you strike so deepe ? was your intent
 To fathom *Styx*, or sound blacke *Acheron*?
 To cast a causy to *Don Vulcans* tent,
 Thus fetch provision he had wrought upon

7.

No no ; you dreamt perchance that you shoul
 Some yron veine, which nature minted ther
 Of purpose to helpe forward such a mind,

And runne Art out of breath in a prepart

8.

To such a stratagem; dreame on, take out
 A rib of yron from Dame natures side,
 Fall in your dreame again, then cast about
 To make your rib the hottest brunt abide.

9.

Dig deeper yet, perchance at length you'l finde
 That nature hath dung'd their Salt-peter too
 And left her wooden legs and stilts behinde,

To nourish up the flames, all these for you.

10.

But hold your hands, sweat no more marrow now
 Spend the earths ball no farther, nor your strength
 I feare the proverbe will prove true, below,
 You dig'd so deepe, there came a damp at length

III.

Tempus, quo generatur monstrum.

Vpon their working in the night.

Sleep Phæbus sleepe;

What makes thee peepe?

Doe not so soone thy sable curtaines draw,

Lie downe againe in *Thetis* lap,

I was late before thou wentst to bed we saw,

O prythee take another nap.

If thou beginst to rise, these night owles then

Must leave their work, when others do begin,

Then Phæbus stay,

You will but make an Holy day.

What madē thee wake?

Couldſt thou not take

Thy rest to night, thou heardſt ſuch knocking

Let not thy fiery ſteedes yet ſup (here?)

Their mornings draught, nor run their full careere

Why doſt thou call Aurora up?

They plotted not againſt thy Deity.

Then Phæbus stay,

You will but beg another play.

Goe drowsie droanes,
 Make, make your moanes,
 To your dead-living Saints; sigh prayers that th
 May intercede for you and get,
 The Sunne to stand ith' heavens, and so delay
 The dawning of the morning, yet
 Cry lowder, let another beade yet fall ;
 Make up your prayers compleate, or you'l marr
 For want of sleepe,
 Your prayers awake you cannot keepe.

See see, the day
 Makes no delay.

Then *Phaeton* doe thou mount up the coach,
 Let loose the horses carelesse raines,
 That they may run away the days approach.
 On falster wheeles, with easie paines
 Whip on thy foaming steeds, that we may feare
 The ratling of thy coach like thunder heere.
 Come draw away,
 That night shee sooner hasten may.

5

Tis here, the night
Hath scar'd the light.

he day hath new undrest her self, I saw

But now her under-peticoat.

Iy thought 'twas dyed in a red more raw

Then any flesh of sheepe or goat;

ut as she stript her selfe of that, she drew

m odest Curtaine, thicke as night, to shew,

She Vail'd her head,

As *Vesper* sent her downe to bed.

6

Now all the light
Is claspt in night.

Morpheus hath wod all things to rest you see,

The's no dog moves unlesse it barke

or madnesse at the Moone, least she descry

Their deedes of darkenesse in the darke,

ut never feare : bid *Phæbus* kisse his Bride

hat she may blush to see her evening tide.

Worke while you may,

Then let him come to wake the day.

Up

7.

Up *Phaeton*,
Up, up, be gone.

Goe guide thy Father to his mate, that he
May court her with his rosie lips ;
Then in conjunction goe with her, till she
Embraced be to an ecclips.
Thus vaile her face that she may never be
Privie to such a monstrous villany.

Away, Away
Phæbus is rise to call the day.

IV.

Ipse generandi actus.

Vpon the bringing of the Gunpowd
from *Lambeth* over the *Thames*, and lay-
ing it in the Cellar.

I
Where is thy Legate (*Rome*?) Let him provid
His sparkling Spanish jennet straight,
Coapt in his trappings made of gold
When th' golden fleece came from your fold
His feet weil shod with Indy plate
His crisping maine to twisted lockes divide,
Fit for the riders pride.

2
See how the horses prauincing doth foretell
How he expects his rider, see
In what a language he doth pray
His master for to come away,
And deck him with his company.
Hearc how hee neighes, his neighing doe but spell
It hastens his farewell.

3

Quicken thy legate then; doe, bid him scale
His fiery steed, and winged poast
With thy Embassage unto hell;
There once arived let him tell
Don. Pluto Primate of that hoast,
owdhat *Charons* footy keele must hoise his saile
y- Waiting a trusty gale.

4

and to thy tacklings then (*Styx-Ferry-guide*)
The wind hath sight a softer gale
Launch out, glide o're the *Stygian* lake
A fairer harbour yo'urnust take.
Doe but your beaten pinnece hale
our *Thameſis*, there it ſhall pride
. It ſelfe in *Neptunes* tide.

5

Those silver streames shall wash hell from thy
 And turne that dye, *Styx* left it last (boat
 Into a Cignets purer white,
 By their reflection made more bright.
 Who when they first thy ferrypast,
 Dabbling in that thy keele there set a float,
 Got there so black a foot,

6

• But faster *Charon*; sweat a little more,
 What maketh *Aeolus* thus blow ?
 Me thinkes he seemeth out of breath,
 Or else his wind is pent beneath,
 That he becomes shortwinded so,
 On *Charon*, worke the harder ; you are sore
 Expected long before.

7+

See how the swelling barrells, stufft with fire,
 Are big with expectation
 They long untill they see thy boat,
 In which they must be set a float,
 To take another station.
 Strange contract, see the water flakes her ire
 and entertaines the fire.

8

(there?

stay, what meanes those well growne vessels
What? have you poudred up your plot
In barrels, least it should not keep,
Or be discovered when you sleepe?
Sure then some vent your treason got
That twould not keep so long, untill you were
To set abroach November's beere.

V

Concepti fama.

on the letter sent to my Lord Mounteagle.

mystery enwapt in misteries,
Comment farre obscurer then the text,
fit that thou shouldest meet an Eagles eyes (next
th might peirce through the vaile, & tell what's
Never mount Eagle: gaze not on the Sun
Glance downe-wards to the depth of Phlegeton,

clostred up in darkenesse, hid in hell,
tled with night, prison'd in Acharon,
barrel'd up in natures misty cell.

be but the letter, and the danger's gone.

strange plot! doe burn't: the blaze will let thee
How to discover this darkemystrie. (see
The

The letter burnt, the danger's past, and all
 The mysterie must then be over too,
 And yet this burning makes it mysticall,
 How can I spill it when 'tis burned so?

However burne it, in it burnt you'l see,
 That which you reade not, when you read it

Darke letter! folded up in flames indeede,
 And therefore needs no wax to seale it fast,
 Let who will reade, at most he can but reade,
 And whn h' hath done, must burne it too at la
 Fyer must tell thee what it meanes alone
 And when the fyers out, the dangers gone

VI.

Fame Mercurius.

Vpon the quill chat writh the letter

What molting Seraphim did spill
 That speaking, silent muttering quill?
 That spake yet spake not, speaking parables
 Which kept and told the truth in miracles.
 That two tong'd Oratour that spake
 Still twise at once, and still did make

mystery unknowne by clearing it,
d knowne by making it obturer yet.

A quill, that could not speake th' intent
Of him that writh, to whom 'twas sent.

d yet could blab the secræst meaning too
him, for whom 'twas maskt, and muffled so.

A pen that by discovering cover'd,
And yet by covering was discovered.

Ianus face, that smiled one way now,
d frown'd the other with a furrow'd brow.

A pen snacht from Apollo's hand ;
That spake pure Delphos language, and

uld vent nought else but pure Amphibolies
king this that, and that this, this and this ;

A danger great by lening it, loosened yet
And none by making it so great.

acket from an Eagle's wing, 'twas such an He,
at brought it to our Sovereign's Dicty.

Or from that ratling goose which pratled
The toes approaches, when shee cackled.

from some Sphynt his stiddish it did fall,
at it unriddl'd in a riddle all.

On the sending of the letter to the King.

A letter to the King is sent,
To riddle what the meaning meant ;

A letter writ indeede from Babylon,
Speaking confus'on, in confus'on.

Tis true, one language, onely came,
And yet that language languages transpos'd
A Letter in a Letter was enclos'd
So that the same seem'd not the same.

How well may Rome true Babell be,
That speakes thus in a mysterye?
A masked tongue kept Babell from her heighth
And Rom's confused language spoyles hit quite
Plaine English speake, when you write nex
Your letter meant, nought lesse then what it me
Therefore 'twas sent, to whom it was not sent,
Pray henceforth comment on your text.

¹⁵⁰ Tis brought unto the King we see,
That he may dive the mysterie.
Why? what's the matter! Are our Island's ey
Grown dimme with age, The Vniversities?
Why had not they the letter read?
They would at first strike deepe; 'tis true, but so
That they looke through their Soveraigne, you
The eyes are alwaies in the Head. (kn

VII.

Partus determinatio.

Vpon the Kings discovering of the plot.

hat Kings are sometimes Prophets too wosee,

What made our *James* else prophecie?

true vertue often crownes Nobilities.

Now true was he the King of Schollers fam'd,

That Rome with her owne sword hath tam'd,

Well Schollers King, well King of Schollers.

The paper bids him burne the paper, sood gnidion.

The danger would be over to.

He saves himselfe and paper with a No.

How so? we reade the danger is not o're

unless the Letter burnt before.

Then burne it, and the danger is no more.

you reade againe, and then perhaps you'l see,

How bravely you are danger free,

It be so soone o're-past, how soone wil't be?

This made our *James* more nimble then the fire,

This thought did make his thoughts retyre

To search out what was tangled in that bryer.

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Speaking confus'on, in confus'on.

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And yet that language languages transpos'd
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How well may Rome true Babell be,
That speakes thus in a mysterye?
A masked tongue kept Babell from her heighth
And Rom's confus'd language spoyles hir quite
Plaine English speake, when you write next
Your letter meant, nought lesse then what it me
Therefore 'twas sent, to whom it was not sent,
Pray henceforth comment on your text.

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How bravely you are danger free,

It be so soone o're-past, how soone wil't be?

This made our *James* more nimble then the fire,

This thought did make his thoughts retyre
To search out what was tangled in that bryer.

He dived therefore somewhat lower yet;
 And truely such a dive was fitt,
 To sound the intralls of so deepe a pitt.

His Nobles now as well as He must move,
 And presently his verdict prove,
 Searching out that below, he saw above.

They seeke, but see not : Did you never heare
 Too nigh an object is too neare ?
 I can see better farther off then here.
 The King sees yet : He bids them search agin :
 They goe, then bring the message in.
 Nothing before, is now the very thing.

(Thus have I scene a beagle soone o'return,
 The new-borne sent but now begunn,
 Then counterhunte when it is halfe done.)
 They, that made nothing of it, found it somethin
 Reade backwards, if you meane the King,
 Who making something of it, made it nothing.

VIII.

Praelecta obſtetrix.

Vpon Faux ready to deliver it.

ut Monster-Tiger, a fell vipers brood,
That wouldſt ſuck with thy milk, thy mother's
awn'd with a Richards tush, not toothles borne,
rawing the fountaine-breast, thou wouldſt have
paſſage to hir heart, gnawd that for food, (torne
nd like *Prometheus* Vultur ſuckt on blood.

hoult ſuck, but ſo that thou mayſt open too (flow
conduit-veine whence blood with milke may
wonder that thy mother wean'd Thee not
om hir, whence thou this Viper-nature got.

hy ſtep-nurse, Rome I meane, that purple whore
hole breafis milkt venome from a putrid ſoare.)
t ſee, Rome nurſt Thee, therefore thou wilt be
bir brought up unto this villany.

me once a Nero had to kill a mother,
aſt Rome ſhould want one now, thou prov'ſt 2-
nd hath not ſhe hir Jesuits, that thou (nocher
uſt provc a Mid-wife to hir treason now?

hat would you haue the whore when all is done
y at our doore hir new borne baſtard ſonne?
want groſſe excrement: know thus much, that
England doth ſcorne to Father ſuch a brat,

Upon the same.

Up night-owle, and breake ope thy sealed eyes,
 Venter to looke upon the mantled skyes.
 Sol hath remov'd his court, the glorious day
 And all his followers have packt away.
 Night is full mounted in her seate of jet,
 And lies wrapt in her cloudy cabanet.
 Feare not, Apollo's gone; his prying eye
 Can neither see nor blab thy villanie.
 Envie hath gone her time, and doth begin
 To be in travell with her full-growne sin.
 Up then, and see that all things ready be
 Tis thou must hasten her delivery,
 Pluto hath sent his Pursivant away
 To summon thy appeareance, make no stay:
 Goe, take thy charge, that thou maist licencet be,
 And shew a pattent for thy viilany.
 Fetch thy darke-lanthorne, that true Gyges ring,
 Which, thou unseene, makes Thee see ev'ry thin.
 Take that turn'd-Hypocrite, whose outward shor
 Is night, but inward like the day doth glow.
 Foule as a mist without, all fayre within,
 Vice would seeine vice sometimes to cloake a si
 Thy darke companion will still be true,
 And by denying light, will lighten you.
 Then downe with hast to that infernall cell,
 Where fur'ous envy, and hid treason dwell.

T

. 1000

ell them Hell's suffrage hath elected you
roome of that chamber, where death lyes below
nd you must call it up as foone as day
e christned, as the Sunne whips night away.
ooke then unto your chadge, and see that he
cepe not beyond his time, but stirring be,
se all this breakefast may be spoyl'd, and He
ll misse his morning's draft of Majestie.
or you (proud factors for the Netherlands,
gent for hell) must suffer *Morpheus* bands
o tye your eye-lids up: what if the birth
iscarry, e're the night expires her breath.
stead of being Sainted, you shall be
rol'd for purgatory, and there made free. (eyes
Then girt thy ſelfe for Rome, and charge thine
at they like watchfull *Argus* keepē the prize.
thou an *Heirogliphick* to the hare,
cepe waking with thine eyes unclos'd, and bare.
d when the day begins to ope her eyes
ke *Nilus* with the rising Sunne arise.
hat though thou failē through the *Aegam* ſea,
ot up and downe with ſeat's perplexity?
inke every one thou ſeeſt is come to bring
ee tydings of a kingdome to a King.
ou ſeekſt a throne: who would not think it
o ſwim unto it through a ſea of blood? (good
ut heaven looks on, & *Taze* is comming down
s milkie pavement with a furrow'd frown
T rebands iſt to the world to give vītage *Justice*
All drouit iſt ordēd to be ſet in order

Justice sits in his eye (and yet 'tis blinde :
It sees but sees not ; smiles that it should finde
Such secreacie in Treason) vengeance lyes
Wrapt in the wrinckles round about his eyts.
Next, down the Regent walke, *Astra* came
Following high Iove to Judge the world againe.
Justice tooke wing before, and left the earth,
But seeing cructie recover breath,
And grow to such a Gyant-stature, shee
Returnes bedeckt with greater Majestie.
The *Cyclops* arm'd with thunder round about,
Attends them both to drive those Traitors out.
Then tremble treachery ; treason unmaske
Thy muffl'd face ; make bare thy knees , and ask
A pardon of the Gods : hold up thy hand,
Guilt doth indite Thee, and for guilty stand.
Justice is come to visir once againe,
Tenders his hand to kisse, if you'l reclaime.
Or else (by that impartiall soule, that guides
Hir hand) the sword your soule and clay divides at

No no ; (Grand Enginere of cructie)
Ne're startle at the newes : what's this to thee?
Thou hast an *Heliotropian*-stone, which will
Put out the eyes of Justice, blinde hir still.
Send for Don *Pluto*'s sheld, that thou maist see
Approaching justice, and she not see Thee.
Stare in the face of vengeance, and outdare
Those executioners, that comes to skare
Thee from thy charge : Laugh at their thunder-
And let them heare the Echo oft from hell.

hy? thou'rt prepar'd for this; can this be newſe,
hen thou ſuch prodigies thy ſelue doſt uſe?
arden thy cruell heart, untill it grow
nd like a Sea-calfe to withstand the blow
hotter vengeance: crowne thy head with bayes,
ſcare the *Cylops* from thy hidden waycs.
ll ſcarfe doe: with thine owne plot begin,
ow them from earth up into heaven agin,
ou know'ſt thy charg; what Rome expects from
w ſhe hath cram'd thee for this crueltie? (Thee;
rite after hir, and when the coppy's writt;
all that reade, ſee thou'rt hir counterfeit.
like hir, but more cruell in thy wit,
aſk hir by the coppie, but ſtill better it.
Romulus ſuck'd a wolfe, and was as ſhee, (beeſt
ou ſuckſt of Rome, then thou like Rome muſt
hat *Romulus* did ſuck, to Rome he gave,
hat Rome from *Romulus*, that thou muſt haye.
utvie them all, Rome, *Romulus*, and Hir
ides at lauſt thy cruell grand progenitor.

X

Natu-

IX

Natalis expectata celebratio.

Vpon the match of hunting appointed
the birth day, where they intended to surprize the
Lady Elizabeth, but in the meane time they
themselves were surpriz'd.

Acteon's gone to hunt, the day we see
Appointed is, and where the game shall be.
Acteon as he hunted glanc'd a side,
And there Diana in a thicket spy'd.
Diana? No, it was a fairer she,
Her Nymphs it may be might Diana's be,
And yet me thinkes Diana it should be
Rather Diana's true Divinity.
For as Acteon spies that beauty there,
Acteon sturn'd Acteon like a Deere.
He that came forth to hunt is hunted straight,
They lye in waite for him, that lay in waite.
The yelping Echoes of the hound's are done,
The Hue and Cry after the Hunter's gone:

I see that Poets now can prophesie,
And in a parable tell what shall be.
I see that fables are not alwaies lyes,
Time often doth a fable moralize.

X

Abortivum Monstrum.

Vpon the miscarrying of the birth.

Oft have I knowne a child prove Parricide,
Dividing soule and clay as't did divide

The Parent's gasping wombe, through which her
ent with the body of the child for tole (soule)
d to pay the infant's passage, and repreive it
e from th' falling prison, if not quite receive it.
ey sometimes a child the Parent's name doth smother,
lling the mother fore it had a mother,
t have I heard a woman travail'd so hard
at in the sigh her sonle did coine and goe.
range travell ! when her soule is faine to take
faire a journey for her infants sake.
hen thus the Parent mother must begin
leave the world to bring her infant in ;
ust dye, to teach her child how first to live,
nd being dead in it learne to revive.
if Pythagoras had taught her soule
s transmigration, And it knew no Pole :
o Paradise, but presently did passe,
nd in the infant clay informant was.
hat ? did you never see a wombe deny
ne burthen, but unload it presently.
ome proves it selfe an Hieroglyphick well
o speake what I have spoke, and yet shall spell
ne truth once over to you more ; if yet
our cloak't-capaciti's are hid from it.
decde their fruitfull shee-Pope tarry'd not,
t brought forth soone, as if she had forgot
nce to bespeak a midwife, or else thought
o brew as well as she had bak't for nought.

And

And yet see, how shee's brought to bed in State Wh
How many thousands hir congratulate God
Being at hir labour met. I wonder she Va
Was brought to bed alone in companie. (faine ffe

But now ther's no such matter; Rome would Wh
Once travaile with a second birth againe. The

And see, the Pope grows big indeede: How now Th
What, hath not Rome had breeding Popes enoug bo
How did your Card'nalls misse the chayre, that su
Have let another She-Pope slip away? (the lth
Oh 'tis no matter, they'l take care that she he
Be not deliver'd now too openly. wa

The heav'n no more shall prove a Canopie Th
The Market place no more a chamber be. Th
When this shall be deliver'd Rome will bye Wh
A privie-chamber for this secrecie. to

(Had not Pope *Jone* bin brought to bed so patt, Wh
She would have found a vault too for his Bratt. polix

But see, the birth day's come; Conduct your wha
Vinto hir privie-chamber, where ther's store (whorov
Of *Pluto's* Pothecarie drugs that be he p
Provided for her safe delivirie. oul
What? Is she yet in labour? hath she got his c
Hir Predecessors faculty or not? agaist his delivirie ut th
Had she an harder travaile then your *Jone*? Th
What hath God sent hir tro? what two or one Th
I feare she was so overbig, that shee coulde not com
With Bratt miscarri'd in deliverie. for an ward o

Wha

Novembris. Monsium.

What was the matter Rome ? did not i.
Goe full the time she reckon'd on before ?
Was this hir fist conceiv'd bratt, that shew
before hir time met hir deliverie ?
What ? Is the child still borne ? Tis so I see
the birth's abortive, though the mother be.
Thus have I seenē an hasty apple drop
abortive from the tree before the crop.
ut then twas rotten, blasted, withered
lthough the mother-tree was no way dead.)
he still-borne batt hath thus miscarried,
was not deliver'd though delivered.
The womb that casts before the time doth still
Threaten the Infant, if not alwaies kill.
Wher's now the Infant which new borne had
t once both *England* & her soverainge ? (flaine
which had spitt living coales as he begann
to live, and dy'd as they had dyed than.
What means *November*'s fist day and the store
provided for the birth so long before ?
The purple whore this day expected shee
ould have beeke blest with her deliverie.
his day once come, the birth was nigh indeed ;
ut th' Bratt was still borne, we deliyeted.
The child, which dyes before it lives, doth still
Threaten the Mother Parent, if not kill.

Novembris Monstrum.

XI.

Parturientis periculum.

Vpon the whores downefall in *Blackfryar*
on their fift day of *November*.

What makes us then sigh prayers for *Babel's* fall
As if that *Babylon* ne're fell at all? Tha
Wher's *Rome's* Arinado *Spaine* so stood upon,
No Navie but a wand'ring *Babylon*? Bab
Is not that fallen? True; how could it stand?
It was a *Babel*, but 'twas built o'th' sand. Bec
The wind's they whisl'd to the wav's a charge, And
The wav's brake out, and roaring speake at large. Wh
Their message to the Sands: the sands obey. Wh
After the cap'ring waves they dance away. (con for
When th' wind thus blew, when thus the wate Vor
There *Babel* built upon the sands, proy'd lame. his

What makes us then sigh prayers for *Babel's* fa
As if that *Babylon* ne're fell at all? And
But on, what meanes *November's* Holy-day? Tha
Her fift dayes chiefest royalty, which may I thi
Be calculated with the reddest letter, kids of T
To speake their bloody Stratagem the better. Thr
Rome then began to build a *Babel* too, But
She dig'd for a foundation so low; Bab
Is so

Novembris Monstrum.

And then had thought to plucke downe
Out of her ruines to repaire their owne. (Thi
But as they built they were surpriz'd, that they
Were faine to leave their Babel halfe the way.

Thus not to rise is nothing but to fall,
Who'l say that Babylon ne're fell at all?

But once more reade, and then perhaps you'l see
Babel a third time fall a third degree.

Water did once o'retop Rom's Babel's so,
That though 'twere Babel it did Rome o're throw
Babell first fell by water, next by fire,
Not that it burnt, but that it slack't it's ire.

Fire and water, though they disagree
Become now sister Elements we see

And joyne their forces to enact heav'ns will,
Th' one by fighting, th' other standing still.

What fire and water doth, that earth will doe
For earth did swallow falling Babell too.

November twice saw Babel fall on day,
This makes her fist day twice an holy day.

And *Eighty Eight* told Babell by her fall,
That, that was then her Climactericall.

And yet is Babell still? where doth she stand?
She fell by water, and she fell by land.

Thrice Babylon we see hath got a fall,
But oh that she were fallen once for all!

Babel's so high it is no wonder she,
Is so long falling to her last degree.

But

Novembris Monstrum.

tis well that she three stories fell;
but the fourth, 'twill bring her downe to hell,
Me thinkes I see those knotted rafter there
Like carv'd-out *Atlas'es*, which well might beare
A burthen greater then the Spheares could lende
An *Etna* if it once began to bend.
Enough to keepe up mountaines, and support
From nodding even *Babel's* stoutest fort.
And yet when *Babel's* Bratt loaded with sinne,
Comes on the Stage to act her part therein;
It makes the oake to yeeld, the Cedar bend
And roots up the foundation from their end.
That which before did make the prouder walls
Sprout up to heav'n, tript up by heav'n, it falls
Downe levell with the earth, and that which knew
No crookednes, bends like a twig of eyre
Sin makes the creatures groane, & bowing downe
Lye in the daſt for that man won't bemoane.
Eye purblind Rome! what made your bald-pate
Outface the face of heav'n in such an hew? (crew
Did heav'n your fift days treachery betray
That you might turne it to an Holy-day?
Went on your plot so well, that you must call
A day apart for a fer Festival? *As god wyl* *hath* *said*
What ignorance hath brawn'd your foſtish foule
That wheh the arme of strength stretcht out con
With a proclaim'd defiance what you did, (troule
Poynting out that from heav'n, which lay so hid?)

You nod at the finger in a triumph straight,
And shout the conquest being lead captivate?
What made you sound the Trumpet so and call
Such a rifie-raffle to your Stygian hall?
Was it that you might belch out a defie
In open Court upon the Gods, 'cause they
Opening the casements of the spangl'd spheare
Lookt downe from heaven, and so discov'rd there
That mantled project, which you thought to keep
From them; no, no, The gods are not a sleep.
Or was it 'cause that Albion baukt your ire
You'd curse us to a Purgatories fire?
Rather purchance you felte an hell within
Still glowing in each conscience, which the sin
Had newly kindld; and dispaire had blowd,
Till it to a consuming fire glowd.
And therefore you must thither poast to take
The refuge of your holy water-lake;
Sprinking your selfe with it, that you might tame
The fury of your selfe consuming flame.
Or wash your hands in it, and so might be
As innocent as Eden purifie.
Fondnesse! as if that niter could cleanse sinne,
Which may show faire without, when foule with-
Or else to blesse your se'ves from after losses, (in.
Crossing your selves to keep your selves from crof-
Nor this nor that: you thought that rable crue (ses
(Which in a Catholique bravado threw

There

There carelesse lives away, that they might get
 More Kingdomes to your Triple Coronet)
 Were hang'd to Saints, & that their unjust doome
 Was nothing but to suffer Martyrdoine.
 And therefore you'd be sure the fist day too
 Should be as well an Holy-day to you.

Thus winged with a fault'ring zeale thy flye
 Vnto their consecrated Friery
 To adore those new-made Saints, and gratulate
 Their safe arrivall at the *Eliz'an* state.
 And now to them, wh' alive were dead in feares,
 Being dead, they pray to rid them of their cares.
 Then by a gen'rall councell they agree
 To celebrate their yearly memory,
 Thus rob the yeare of dayes, that so they may
 Give to each Saint his sev'rall Holy-day.
 Or' cause they jointly suffred as one member
 They give an All-Saints-day unto *November*.
 Fond zelots! you had better turne the page,
 Convert your feasts into a pilgrimage.
 Walke with iepentant feete to forreigne Iles
 Their sigh your selves to sadder syllables :
 And ev'ry desert, that you softly tread
 With naked pittance feete, let fall a Beade.
 That so all passengeis in after age
 May count the paces of your pilgrimage,

Cut

Put downe your Saints, that by their merits found
new way up to heaven, above the ground.
Whose ropes will serve for cords to gird about
our hairie loynes to doe your penance out?
Or else preserve them, till you steale away
the Poles, on which their head's march in array,
Then send them o're, I'le warrant you they'l be
choicer Relique for posteritic.
But whisper softly (muse) awhile, you'l drive
those empty droanes out of their borrow'd hive.
You'l coole their hot divotion, put them out
Before their Ceremony's brought about.
You'l turne the Priest besides the cushion straight,
Make him scratch mem'ry from his balder pate.
Before h' hath found it, he will loose the text,
And scarce the first word out, forget the next.
You'l make the other from his palsie fist
Drop downe his wafer God Emmanuelist.
And then some sawcy dog will snatch it there,
And transubstantiate it, I know not where.
The third disturb'd, will sprinkle unawares
The Holy-water on the sacred sta'tes.
Stand backe a while, keepe off, vengeance will
And summon them to silence ere they've done.
Looke what that right hand speakes unto the wall,
See there imprinted fairely Babels fall.

The

The hand from heay'n hath charg'd the walls, th
Withdraw their shoulders, and the walls obey. You
Nay there stands Sampson, him whom they beg Wh
With sulphur'd lungs to spitt their venome on, Def
And like the wanton Philistines to play And
Some pranks upon him on their holy-day. By
But he the truer Sampson verifi'd Do
What Typically t'other Sampson did. Fire
He toucht the posts with a command, they fall The
Striking all dead into one funerall. Son
Perchance they thought He was as blind as He, Wr
But henceforth see, the eye of heaven can see. Son
A Video smil'd on you before, And
He saw you then how durst you tempt him more
But when the Asse, that falles into the pit Gir
Will hot take heede, Hee'll fall agin it. Sen
Who bolder then blind Bayard, who more blin Bid
Then such a scottish, stockish, rabble kind W
Where ignorance doth murther zeale, a brat v
As blind as their carv'd God, as cold as that? The
But now by this I hope they've learnt to see P
They strike at heaven, that aime at Majestie. fr
Proud Gigan~~tan~~ race, leave off to move No
In Martiall fight the unconquerd Gods above. N
What? will you get 'gainst love your seiges lay Yet
And still before the walls of heaven display on
Hells blacker banners, raise the siege at length, on
Retraite, we're stay to trye out strength with strength Wh
You

You felt the weight of his immed'iate hand,
Who beck'ning only just at his command:
Destruct'on posted plum'd with Fury's wing
And stay'd not for a solemne summoning
By Gods owne purseyants which commonly
Doe use to be destruct'on's *Mercury*.
Fire or water, stormes, or darts of thunder,
These use to be his messengers of wonder.
Sometimes he post's to batle in array,
Wrapt in a whirlewind,fur'ous of delay.
Sometimes he rides upon a prouder wave
And thence he doth his stoutest foes outbraye.
Sometimes againe he marcheth through a cloud
Girt with a scarfe of light'ning, and aloud
Send's forth his watchword to the *Cyclop's* there
(Who rank's the squadron's out,& keeps the reere)
Bidding them with as loud a voyce discharge
A volly of thunder, which may rend at large
The duskish mantle of the skyes, and make
A passage through the clouds, that wrath may
Afreer Aime to shoote her vengeance right (take
And execute what he decree'd hath quite.
Now this, and this, now that's his messenger,
Yet alwaies God hath not a harbinger.
Somtimes his hand doth smite without a sword,
Somtimes without an hand,he sends his word,
Wheroft the softest accent is enough
To rend the world if once sent out in wrath.

Then see (proud Rome) thy seeded villany,
That Majestie it selfe must deale with Thee.
Creatures those Proxie-searjants of the King,
Hee ie hardly trust at thy grand suffering.
To rid away thy execution,
Hee'l be in presence there to see it done.
He might have rent the bowells of the earth,
That roaring *Bor'as* with his blustring breath,
And whirlwind-nostrills might rush forth, & cast
The Fabrick levell at one rendring blast.
He might have op't the treasury's of the ayre,
And sling'd his hayle downe, to untop it bare.
Thus made away for thicker stormes to fall
And fling downe death on each in ev'ry ball.
He might have bidden *Neptune* call away
His whiteplum'd hills to march in set aray.
And with his Trident-mace command each wave
To swell unto a tide, and thus out-brave
The proudest top that peirc't above the rest,
And swept thy building too away at last.
He might have caus'd a shou're of brimston fall
And rain'd downe flames of Gunpowder withall
Not to blow up it, but to burne downe all.

But neither fire did fall, nor water rise
Nor wind, nor storme joyn'd in this enterpize.
The word, that with a word did make all these
Without them, can doe when, and what he please

When

When he intends to make his glory ride
Tryumphant, shining with a sacred pride,
He lay'st aside the meanes with his left hand,
And with his right doth, what he please, com-
Then tremble Babylon to see thy fall,
Twas God himselfe was in the reeling wall.
He set himselfe to do: that all might see
Twas his right arme that gat the victory.
His presence made the trembling stones to shake
A quivering ague, and the rafteres quake,
Till all their unknit joynts were loos'd, the wall
Before his sacred presence downe did fall.
He charg'd the newes of the houfe to shrinke,
And bid the pinnes untie, that all might sincke.
They heard his voyce, and at his voyce obey,
Thus thus the crambling fabrick pines away.

What makes us then sigh prayers for Babels fall
As if that Babylon ne're fell at all?
fell, and sure the fall was great; it fell
As if it had prepar'd away to hell;
Making a passage with it's weight, to send
That rable rout unto their Stygian end.
fell, and in the fall below'd so loud,
As if two rocks, falling at once, did crowd,
Pushing each others side, and strove which shal
Echo the neighbouring hills the louder call.
fell, and struck so, it could not more harme
Had it beeno hurled from a Cyclop's arme.

It fell but hollo'd out, so loud i' th' fall,
As if it would the dead, it kil'd, recall.
It fell; stop there! Lett's heare a while what Rome
Can say unto this second Martyrdoome.
Should they but pilfer out more dayes from th'
To canonize for those that suffer'd there
They must create new Alma trachs, and make
Their next yeare longer for their Martyr's sake.
Or else joyne two Saints to make up one day
A sunkin, and a gimkin Holy-day.
Now plodding Rome, what have your pie-ball
Gendred in plotting 'gainst the Heretickes.
Goe, goe, divide the spoyle that is come in,
Wee'le cast up ours, and let them laugh that will
You thought to make us rise, by rising fall;
You fell at once, but never rise at all.
If we had fell, by falling we had rise
Hell's sometimes the high-way-roade to blisse.
Had you then rise, yet rising you had fell,
Heaven is sometimes the broadest way to hell.
You fell, we stand, heaven downyward striks we
And hell aimes upwards; what's the mistery?
Is Rome's *America* plac'd in the Ayre,
Their new found Purgatory founded there?
That *Pluto* plot's such stratagems to guard
The English Catholiques up thither-ward.
•Tis so I see; their Purgatory's there;
I thought it was a Castle in the ayre.

Novembris Monstrum.

The Corollary.

Strange birth ! the Pope he is the Holy Father,
The Earth the Mother is, the Master rather.
Pluto the Grandsire, and the Deputyes
Not two or foure, but all the infernall fryes
Of Monk's, and Iesuit's, Ptiefts, Massé Priests too
Intended are as witnesses unto
This Affrick birth ; would you the midwife yet ?
Faux was appointed to deliver it,
It was begot in Hell, conceiv'd in Rome,
And should have beene deliver'd here at home.
But *England* would not lend that life, which fell
To be a Mongrell betwixt Rome and Hell.

D³

NOVEM-

•*anāgāmaśāstra*

The Calligrapher

23 APR 1957

23 APR 57

NOVEMBRIS.

MONSTRVM.

OR

The Historicall narration
of the damnable
Pouder-Treason.

WITH

The dayes &c for *England's Miraculous deliverance.*

PARS II.



London, Printed by Frances Leach.

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• etiā quādā cīrāmūcī

The Collector

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To the Iuditious Reader.

Not biting Satyr, nor an hony stile
Dropt only from a Parasite I will.
A bitter sweet is good, wormewood in wine
Is to a Poet the best Hypocrene.
Thou art the Man unto the man of Sinne
Is the Musit'ans hitting the right string.
Her's nothing whipt and stript but Babels Bratt,
Which long agoe hath beene condemn'd to that.
Thenc all not bitter sweet, nor sweetnesse bitten
If you finde both, you will finde both together,
And so both mingled, both together shall,
Prove to bad stomackes a good Cordiall.
Be but judicious in thy censure then,
And if thou relly gall dropt from the pen,
Conclude it is not hony, nor should be :
Or that thou bringest a sick taste with Thee.



NOUE M-

NOVEMBER'S MONSTRUM.

Hus have I seene Ambition's Min' on
soare

To teach the towring Mount of cob-
wed-fame,

Counting it Piety, trimbrace in goare

His blood-renct hands, so He may get a name.

Though He like *Tantalus* both live and dye:

Catch at the Apple, that doth most Him flye.

2 (glory)

Thus that proud Impe, that thought to ware his
Before the fire of *Diana's* shrine,

And make his name blaze forth in his own story;
Brighter then did the glowing Temple shine,

Must needs attempt that sacrilege to have:

His name & Him joyn't-tenants of one grave.

3

Thus have I knowne a Monke and Fryers pride
Iustle for th' wall of cruelty, and see

Which of them should prove better Régicide,
That they for Saints may canonized be. (glory,

Whil'st he that thinkes to blazon forth their

Blots out their names in setting out their story

He that doth looke from honour's hands to have But
 The Lawrell wreath, to crowne his works withall Full
 Must with the hands of virtue it receive We
 Virtue gives scutch'ons to a funerall. But

Else he, that would be heire of Fame, shall be E
 Excecutor of nought, but Infamie. E

5
 If *Icarus* doe strive with borrow'd wings The
 To reach the Sun, and graple with his bride, For
 You'l see how soone his false Ambition flyngs Ma
 Him downe, and drownes his honour in the tyde Ron
 He that makes wings to flye to fame, shall see T
 Fame will be ready to take wing and flee. A

6

What did proud *Phaeton's* ambitious minde Tri
 (In coveting his Father's reines to guide) Tr
 Provide him for a Trophye, did he finde Th
 That was the rode, where Fame and glory ride? By
 No, Fame will ne're Ambition's yoake-mate be I
 Hell must lend fire to light his infamie. I

7 (stayres
 Then thinke no more (Proud Rome) of building The
 That those may seale to heav'n, and Sainted be, W
 Who were chiefe agents for thy heil-affaires, Ne
 In plotting treason, and hid Tyranny. M

Thou canst not raise a Babell halfe so high:
 Ne're think to top those walls, or come so nigh

But

8

But if thou will needs have thy factors ride
 Full mounted on the *Pegasus* of Fame,
 Wee'le helpe them up, a *Pegasus* provide,
 But wing'd with infamy, and plum'd with shame:
 Blacke deedes are Cronocled that they may be:
 Enrol'd for hatred, not for memory.

9

Then Historie fetch thy brazen penne, and send
 For incke from blacker *Acharon*, that I
 May (guided by thy hand) in brashe commend
Rom's Monster-Bratt to all posterity.
 That sager Time, may point out Rome to see,
 And make her blush, at her owne progeny..

10

That dreaming Emperour, whose phancy prov'd
 Truer then *Phocas* did, that did succeed,
 Thought in his sleepe he slept, & death was moy'd
 By th' murd'rous hands of *Phocas* to proceed.
 Deames prove not alwaies night-mayres, coun-
 Murthereres awake, when we least dreaine of it.

11

This *Phocas* dranke ambition's *Mercury*,
 Which kindled such a fire within his breast,
 Nothing would quench his thirst, but Dignity,
Mauricius must die, and * all the rest.

Thus waded through his blood unto his throne
 This prou'd a dreame to him: the other none.

* *Mauricius*, * His wife and his Daughters, Once

12

Once mounted to the high imperiall seate

Brim-full of Honour, honour must runne o're,

Let but th' Imposture Pope his consc'ence cheat

With a full pardon, and quit murder's score

Phocas will ope a sluce, from which shall flee

Supremacy to swell the Bishops See.

13

'Twas he , was Rom's grand Patron , and fin

The Triple Crowne to th' Papall dignity, (gav

And that Rome might as horrid treasons have

He left his murthers for a legacy.

A cruell Monster must that honour be,

That's got of murder, and full Tyranie.

14

Rome proves his wil, and then makes hast to tak

A full possession, next he seekes to find

Some cruell skulking Iesuite to make

Him treasurer of what was left behind :

Where warres doe nought , there treason mu

If that the Lion failes, the Fox shall win.(begin

15

So have I seen a scattered army lye

The conquer'r's strength soon conquered by

And yet the next day rise with victory, (slight

Getting by forging, what they lost by flight.

Our toe may teach us how to winne the prize

By falling often times wee learne to rise.

16

The Iesuite makes much of what h' hath got,
Phocas his legacy shall not be spent,
And yet he will be prodigall; but not
Spend on the Principle, tis his intent

To trade with Hell, and put it out to use,
That, which the Feinds return, shall feed abuse.

17

And well he hath improv'd what Phocas left:
For envy, Mallice full inveterate;
For murther, Murthers, mixt with skulking theft:
For Regicide, both King and kingdom's Fate:
To kill a king is petty treason, fit
For lay-murder, not a Iesuite.

18

Those poled Pates have quite impov'rish't hell,
And mate the Duke of darkenesse morgage all
His hidden plots to them; treason shall dwell
No more within Don Pluto's Stygian Hall,
All's fell to them, they'l turne the Feinds out quite,
And Hell shall be their owne before the night.

19

With jaws as wide, as the vast arch of heav'n (draft
They gape for Kingdomes, royall blood's their
With treason's blacker feet they'r headlong driven
Murther is counted but on handy craft.
See all in this one plot, which though but one
Hath all in it, the other all are none.

When

I

WHen blest *Eliȝa* fwai'd proud *England's* rod
 And ballanc't in her hands the golden ball:
 Peace sat by hir, laid downe her head to nod
 Within her Princely lap, and there did fall.
 Into a slumbering sweet-security.
 Peace flyes not Scepters, but dread Tyranny

2

This quiet Empresse hardly could enjoy
 The sweetnesse of that royall maiden bed.
 But something would her present rest annoy,
 And with a surly joy, divorce her Head.

X Or treason's rage at home, or warr's abroad,
 Kings must not alwaies look for peace abroad

3

But alwayes as Queene-Peace 'awak't, she turnt
 Lending a glance to blett *Eliȝa* still,
 And smiling on her Angell-face, shee burn'd,
 And blusht, as if she long'd to speake her will.
 But pluckt an Olive branch to give her still,
 And so laid downe her head to sleepe her fill

4

Then, then it was, that time lookt young agin,
 Wiping his hoary foretop from his eyes
 He lookt, and thought the golden age had bin,
 And deeming of himselfe in paradice,
 Begant to count his age, and scarce beleiv'd
 (Seeing *Eliȝa*) he so long had liv'd.

5

The earth was watred with a milder dew,
 Which peace did sprinkle from her fruitfull hand,
 That *Tellus* in her sparkling coate did shew,
 As if sh' had on, that couler'd swadling band,
 Which wrapt her infancy with var'ous wreaths
 Like those which lovely *May*, for *Phyllis* weaves.

6

The plough-men earlyer then the morne, did rise
 Whistling *Apollo's* steeds to watering,
 Whil'st with their chearefull notes, they did devise
 How to divide the day with quavering,
 Thus play themselves to worke, & then divide
 The earth to furrowes, as the plough did glide.

7

They put Dame nature to the sword, and made
 Her open wide her wombe, to lodge the graine,
 The plow ne're knew the share, the earth no spade
 But *Mars* did make away for *Ceres* traine. (out
 New plow'd with fwords, they beat their armor
 For horseshoes, or to plate their wheeles about:

8

Neglected helmets then were cast away,
 The spideres tooke them for their shops to weave
 Their thinner-softer, Taffety, where they
 Kept a continuall working-day with leave, (ly
 And made them monuments, that they might
 There, softly wrapt in their owne destiny.

The

9

The hoarser throates of Cannons bellow'd forth
 Not for Bellona's sake to summon warre,
 But when soe're they thund'red, 'twas the wort
 Of some great triumph to be blowed farre:
 And that about the world, did give the fire,
 Or celebrate Eliza's crown'd desire.

10

The Taratant'ring sound was never heard,
 Which when the horses e're once soopeth up,
 It makes them mad for battaile, and unscar'd
 He runnes at push of Pike, the flame doth sup
 Into his fiery nostrills, till it come
 Out of his mouth like to a seathing foame.

11

The drumme unbraç't lay speechlesse al the while
 The flute had got a cold i'th' rusty throat:
 Instead of these we heard the *Philomèle*
 Sing to the Musick of the Lute her note.
 Peace lay a sleepe under hir Olive tree,
 Charm'd with the winged Quier's Lullaby.

12

Devotion in her whiter robe, more white
 Then th' unborene Snow within her region,
 Go's to the Altar with a soule more bright(moon art)
 Then th' spotlesse spotted Bride of heav'n, the
 And there with holy-hands, and washed eyes
 Offers her undisturbed sacrifice.

Afra?

13

Form straea keepe her state; both eyes doe fee
 And yet they both are blind : her eares both deaf
 Ort and yet both open too : she keeps a Key
 To lock out bribes, and open for relief
 'Twas shee that lasht Erynnis out and then
 Caine peace & calm'd the troubled earth again

14

ut night doth close the eyes of dying day ;
 Storme doth alwayes follow fairest weather
 never saw Proud *Cynthia's* array
 himselfe in glory for a Month together, /weeds
 But sometimes mourne, weepe in his Southerne
 And glister sometimes in his Easterne beades.

15

ile's constant is a Kingdom's fading state :
 Now Peace doth shine on it from open Spheare :
 And then a Counter-warre doth change his fate
 Drawing on it a gloomy cloud of Feare.
 Fortune's Queene-regent of all things below :
 And Kingdoms, like the Moon, do ebb, & flow.

16

Once *Eliz.* a shine so bright that she
 On Earth is like the Sunne in his owne spheare;
 Parting forth Glory from her Majestie,
 enough to make the lesser Princes bleere;

The world will gather clouds to blind her too,
 Least earth in glory should the heav'n outgrow.

Envy,

17

Envy, which can't endure æquality
Ne're looks at parallels, she aimeth higher.
An Eagle scornes to make her game a flye :
Let th' bramble take acquaintance with the bry
 'Tis the tall Ivie, that growes above the rest,
 Is shaken with the wind, and most opprest.

18

Mallice still layes her seige against that tower,
Where vertue keepes the doore, honour the ho
One of them is not worth her mustred power.
 A Cat doth scorne to play with a dead mouse.
 'Tis cowardize to sticke one on the grou
 Who falls to earth, can be no lower found.

19

Spayne, envy's mother, Mallice nurserie,
Squinting with both these eyes at her, that m
This stripling Ile in strength the world outvie,
Building a walking wall, and fence to shade.
 This little vine from foraigne foemen's streng
 Summons her forces, and invades at length.

20

Have not you seene the wood's greene Goddess
Like a stout Amazon begirt with bays, (stan
Marshalling all her troopes of Trees t' withstand
The insurrection of the wind, that playes (The
 With them, & makes them seeme to march wi
 Whil'st others seeme to rise, and others fall.

21

she placeth in the front the lofty Pine,
the sturdy Cedar, with the Pine doth goe,
and then she calles the oake in his bale crine :
these march a breast t' withstand the strongest
And keepe out *Eolus* from darting feare/blow
At th' young Artillery, which march i'th' rearc.

22

thus Spain's Corenell did march away
before that wandring wood, which danc't o'th'
is if that *Orpheus* had bin there to play, (waves,
and leade them, with his musick, captive slaves.
The little ships about the great, did dance,
As maids of May, about the May-pole prance.

23

Mallice joynes, with virtue, hands to helpe,
the greater vessell rides before the lesse,
they set the Lyon for to guard the whelpe,
hat's couchant, whilst the other rampant is,
But all together seend so vast, we thought
Neptune had in his fist, an Island caught.

24

the Captaine of each ship, Ambition sol my self
the Master, Pride : Envie, the Gunner was
the Pilot, Ignorance her blinder sonne :
the Sailers, prest from *Charon's* keele, did passe,
Over his ferry, and arriv'd at Spaine,
The Feinds were glad such pay to entertaine:
Their

25

Their sailes did swell in hope of victory; (root
That made them bring so much of ware-house heir
As if they meant the Iland should not lye; leav'
But they would ship it over-into Rome. el
They rid so proudly all, as if they all Th
Were of the narrow Seas, joyn't Admi ral. To

26

(ma

They lookt, when Neptune would give up his col
And make them primate-lords of albion's court
They make no friends unto Bellona's space
For warre munition, but to Pluto's host,

They send for scorpion-whips, as if they mea
To whip us from our Iland Tenement.

27

But mountaines do oft times bring forth a mou
High towers weakely built the sooner dyc:
A Castle in the aire is not an house,
Conquest in Armes is no victoy. (strengt
Bold confidence will ne're prove armour
Who stands upon his own leggs, stands nor lo

28

Heavn from the ships discry'd each towring mooth
And seard they went Ioyas Pallace to invade:
For as the sailers climb'd the ropes with hast,
They seem'd to saile heavn's cristall wals, & mar

A passage through the clouds to enter there,
And of her sparkling Djadems rob the speare

An

29

and now the Gods began to count the warre
 heir owne, and joyn'd their forces with us too :
 leav'n shoothes a warning pen to end the jarre,
 or else to tell them theire a common foe.

Then muster'd up the seas, and prest the wind
 To joyne in battell; heav'n and earth combind.

30

Neptune with a gast break's ope his denne,
 And ragiug sailly'd forth to grapse each wave,
 Then with his wider throat call'd *Neptune's men*
 From calme security, and made them rave.
 The winds o're take winged ambition's flight,
 Their I ride, a Rrouder wave did swallow quit.

31

Some hang on *Neptune*, fawning on his ceek,
 Hoping to bribe with prayers their enemy,
 He straight receives them with a foaming check,
 Yet with his full embraces makes them dye.
 Some drownded in drinking seas ne're see the
 Some feele the land, but finck in drunken lands

32

Others before they're drown'd are drown'd in
 And therefore flye to harder rocks for pitty,(fears
 The rocks do borrow brine to drop downe teare's
 That they may mourne for them, but lends no pit-
 Those, that enjoy'd the mercies of the seas, ty.
 Are cast away upon the rocky lays.

Some

33

Some flye, and ferry o're the newes to Spaine,
 Some yeeld, as glad to veiw our conquering
 Though they dye Captives here in living paine.
 Some sharke away by some preventing wile,
 But all being conquer'd all together yeeld
 To wind or warr, to rocks or Englands shell.

34

Have you not seenie how in th' Olympick game,
 After the Conquerer hath wonne the prize,
 The people raise the dust, to choake up fame
 Vnlesse she tell the world his enterprize.
 One plucks from Daphnes head a lock of bay,
 Another tunes his victory in lays.

35

So louyd Eliza came from Tillybury no gnat
 Attended with her conquering loyall traine,
 Led by the Gods, who did descend the skie
 To leade her forth, and bring her back againe;
 That tongue be silenced, which cannot keep
 Her memory from an Endimion's sleepe.

36

Glad peace reviv'd, and decked with the spoyle,
 That came from Spain's Armado, she did stand
 At London's prouder gates, and with a smile
 Welcom'd Eliza home, then kist her hand,
 Who greiv'd that peace had hurt her waiting
 Sate down, that she might rest upon her thighe.

37

she slept, and for her former watchings tooke
The licence of a longer graunted sleepe;
Eliza reckning her, would often looke
Upon her face, and still for joy did weepe. (sure
Prince; love peace, & should their combates mea-
To keepe their own, not get a forraigne treasure,

38

Eliza slept, but as she slept did often start,
As if some dreame mudded her phancy still,
And in her sleepe, she tooke Eliza's part,
As if she had foreseen approaching ill
March towards her, & then within hersleep
Shee'd prate Eliza's name, and closer creepe.

39

She slept she, 'till amazement made her rise,
Then in her sleepe she wak't, till Morphens tooke
Her heavie shackles from her leaden eyes,
First op't her fluce of teares, and then awoke.
Eliza melting ask't what feinds opprest
Her starting phancy, scard her from her rest.

40

This Empresse with a milder voyce (then came
From Philomele, when she did prostrate lye,
Before the bryer ravisht with the same)
Replied thus : (Heroick Royaltie) (sette
I dreamt, and thought I saw Rom's Synod
In a close celler, full as darke as jett.

There

41

There late sad envy with thin-chapt despaire,
 Dull Ignorance, with superstition,
 And nexr *Erynnis* with disheav'led haire
 Like to uncombed Snakes : Devotion

The incestuous brood of blinder zeale, wa.
 Which turn'd the *Synod* like the wandring

42

(spheare Pa

Me thought I hear'd their councell deep as Hell Wh
 They did decree to act on hidden sage, He
 Where treason Prolouge was, and sceane as wel Bu
 And thus make *England's* Throne goe equipage.

With lower earth, and yet no eye should know
 The hand that struck, nor yet the hidden blow

43

I saw the Feind, that drew the Tragick plot
 With buried eyes, Lent-cheeks, in Less us plight
 I knew not what he was, a man or not,
 But by his ball-pate seem'd a Iesuite.

Hell gave a Plaudit to the Tragedy,
 Which clapt mee from my sleepe security.

44

But Innocency straight came swing'd from Love,
 And bid *Eliza* shake off drooping feare :
 The Gods of late did in their armour move
 Fighting for her, and will they now forbear :
 No, no, the Dove shall fly with carelesse wing
 And never feare the Goshawkes towreing.

The

45

(caine

Then Poast from heav'n Lou's cheifest Herald
 Mounted on Plumes pluckt from a Cherubim:
 His coate was azur, spangled with the traine
 Of Vesparis glistering erue: which late was seene
 About Orion, for he snachte it thence,
 As he came downe from Lou's high excellence.

46

(flight,

Passing through Heav'ns rich wardrobe in his
 Where stottes enamel'd dround with blew apparell
 He tooke a longer robe more bright then light,
 But as he past the purst fierie Spheare,
 Dipt in the Element his robe did seeme
 Like flaming Phathus yellow Saphron beame.

47

As he came downeward in his journey lower
 He overtooke the gloomy hoast, that shrouds
 Heav'n's face in darkenesse: Phatus sent before
 His beames to mixt a Rainebow in those clouds,
 That he might take it for a scarfe, and tye
 About his arme, in signe of Victorie.

48

Next as he cut the lower Region, his wings struck Musick in the airy Spheare,
 Then all the feather'd Queristers began
 And strove, to raise a consort with him there,
 Thus plaid heav'n's herald w^t their musick down
 Directing him the way to Albian's Crowne.

E

Ariye'd

49

Arriv'd at length with loyall feet, he goes
 (Faith and good speede are wings for Mercury)
 Vnto Eliza's Court, there to disclose
 His whole Ambassage from Lov's Majestic.

Eliza dranke the newes : appoynts a day
 To heare, what Lov's Ambassador shall say.

50

And now her busie soule is full possest,
 Wrapt in the deepest robes of richeſt glory,
 Shee dornes her ſelfe, againſt Lov prooves a guile
 That with a reall acted fuller ſtory

Of brighter Majestie, ſhe might receive
 Old Celiax Nephew, and more luſter give.

51

Thuſt have I ſcene the lovely Nymphs trip o're
 The Mountaines from Pæbolus land,
 Laden with all the treasure they there ſtore,
 All following Hymen at his firſt command.

Then round about the lovely bride they ge
 To crowne her, with a wedding Coronet:

52

One doth unfold her richer lap, a ſhop,
 Where Corall, Chrifall, Amber, Rubye ſhine,
 Another takes them from her Indy-lap,
 And doth them into cunning bracelets Coine,
 Placing them with ſuch art to ſuch a twift
 That every one lends glory to the reſt.

53

One curles her tresses with rich Diadems,
 another sends a pendent to her eares,
 her neck, one bindeth with a lace of Gemmes,
 fourth to deck her robes the glittering Spheares
 But on Diana's carefull breast there be
 An Onyx, friend to purer Chastity.

54

Hus *Amphetrite* met her bride-groome going
 eckt with those Diadems fond *Neptune* sent
 stokens to her; when He went a woing:
 Hus gilt with luster, Goddess *Juno* went,
 When first she came in all her wedding state
 With open lap high *Love* to recreate.

55

ut brave *Eliza's* glory did not shinē
 om her owne Spheare alone, she round about
 as circled with a luster more divine,
 hen that of *Sols*, which doth the Starres put out.
 Thus *Cynthia* have I seene Queene-Regent ride
 Whilſt all her court of stars ſhine by his ſide.

56

The ſister *Graces* were her virgin-maides
 honour, clad with full variety,
 ee did for them with chaste Diana trade
 ho ſpunne a thread of flaxen purity. (white)
 Then wove it into roules more white then
 And broyder'd them about with various light.

57

Her Nymphs with divers couler'd silke did threa
 Fresh needles still to shape each Element (spre
 In all their formes, which o're their robes did
 With new variety, as if they ment
 To tell the world the *Graces* within were
 As full of divers gifts, as man offinne.

58

The other Nine, *Apollo* sent to her
 That she with Royalty might entertaine
 Heav'ns Ambassie from her Supernall Syre
 These in their course held up her glorious train
 The morall virtues Hit Nobility,
 The Intellectuall of her Councell be.

59

Injustice did bear the sword, *Magnificence*
 Ballanc't the *Mace*, and *Liberality*
 Was *Purse-bearer*, not prodigall expence
 Nor yet clole fisted pining penury.
Temprance her *Cups-bearer*, and *Faſter* too
 High Marshall *Fortitude* before did goe.

60

Lord *Treasurer* was upright *Verity*,
 Sweet *Comity* her smooth comb'd *Oratour*.
 All her *Attendants* were *Humanity*,
Fidelity her guard, that kepit the doore.
 Thus, thus attended did *Elizaride*,
Grace on her right hand, *Peace* on her left

61

At length the Queen defends hir Chariots,
Which did begin to loose it's luster quite:
Like day, Sol going downe) when shewent out,
Compast with light (enough to dazzle light.)
That her Attendantes lent her, She ascends
Her Throne, and there the Ambassie attend

62

Her Throne o're spread with such a cloath of state
You might have thought she sat in open ayre,
And had no Canopy besides Lov's seate,
But that th' Ambassador judg'd it so rare, (have
He would have patter'd it that Heav'n might
The fellow oft to make Lov's Throne as brave.

63

The Rose and Thistle there joyne amity,
The Rose so lively blow'n by Art, and fit
Had not they bin before her Majestie, and some
One would have pluckt it or else smelt of it.
The thistle too so quick and fresh, that it
Seemed the true; the True but counterfeit.

64

Nothing without his Embleme neither, all
ake something to the wise beholder's eye;
The Lyon there you might see mount, and fall
What is a Lyon but true Majestie?
Kings must have Justice rampant for offenders:
They must be Lyon chouchant's to Ameniders.

E 3. The

65

The Queene was great in strength, and pollicy :
Spaine felt those prickes, and to she was a Rose,
Her vertues like sweet odours forth did fly
About the world, and so she was a Rose.

As foes did hate her, most did feare Her too,
And so she was a Thistle to her foe.

66

Upon this Embleme of her selfe, as great
In outward pompe, as she intricht within
Was full of Majestie, she takes her seate,
Where round about her all doe homage bring.

Honour and virtue kisse, goe hand in hand,
Her Temple, doth by Honor's Temple stand.

67

And now *Elyas*'s cares doe thirst to drinke
The message of *Cyleman Mercury* :
Peace is sent forth, as swift as thought can think
Or winged lightning from the clouds can fly,
To hasten *Jove*'s Ambassadour, and guide
His Charle-waine Chariot to *Albion*'s pride.

68

Peace mounts his Chariot, and him sweetly greet
With a Court *Ave* : so they ride through *Troy* upon
The same stands still to view the prouder Streetes
For he had lent his horses, and his boy (took or h
To guide heav'ns messenger, who soone o'r-
Throng'd *Albion*'s Court, and thus the Queen
be spoke.

Eli

69

y: Eliza, fear'd on earth; Dread Sovereigne
ofc, beloved of the Gods; a Saint to both:
The scorpion-whip to Tyranny and Spaine,
The standard of true faith, a matchlesse worth:
Wholike thy Scepter swaying peacefull dove,
As empty art of gall, as full of love.

70

Within the privie chamber of the King. (Spheares
those highest heawns; beyond the Chrystall
is state of presence; there high Love did bring
the Gods into his Councell; each appears,
They all decreed to view the world beneath.
Hearing what up-roares foun'd from Pluto's

(breath:

hen looking through heavens true perspective
Not borrowing Phœbus eye; as if that they glasse
ink could not without Him see, or could not passe
from heavn to earth unless he light the way.)
They see and smile; through midnight clouds
set in the dark, as if the day was new. (they view

72

They see and smile; discovering Pluto plac't
yon his ruder Throne in deepest Hell,
Aeet gloomy cloud hung o're his head; which pale
color his rich cloath of state, and grace him well.
There stood Romes Legat with wide earesto heare
What he'd returne to his Pope-brother deare.
Eliz. They

73

At length they see Hell's Pallace gin to shake
 As *Pluto* rise from his neglected throne,
 With lungs, that breathed forth brimstone, he did
 Hell burne with fresher flames, as he alone did
 Gather'd his breath to speake; which as it cam
 With blacknesse from him, quench't againe the

74

flame
 At length he speakes, as his first accent fell
 The tortur'd ghosts were silent, *Cerberus*
 Stopt straight his howlings and lay down in's cell
 Then since sayd, he thy Lord hath sent to us:

Tell him from our infernall Royalty,

We highly prize his league and amity.

75

Greet all our Bishops, Prelates, Cardinalls,
 Priests, Mass-Priests, Monks, our Factor, Jesuite,
 The rulers of our Church, our Canaballs
 All that our Royall side, and helpe invite;
 Tell them that hell's their o'yne, at their com
 Th' infernall Furi's their prest forces band (ma

76

Ixion shall leave his never-tyred-wheel
 (That moving emblem of eternity) vniol
 And *Tantalus* the envious water feele
 Refreshed with the fruit, which erst did fly

His laughing palate, both shall pardon'd be
 That they may goe fresh volunkeers with th

Po

77

Poore *Sisyphus* shall role his tyred stone
 No farther, but shall bring it out of hell,
 And lay it on thy barrels: It alone
 Scorcht upward with the fiery graine, shall fell
 Both throeane and sceptre, & band to the ground
 Proud *Albion's* majestie with a rebound.

78

The *Ulster* shall be snatcht from *Tytius* breast,
 His racked limbs redeemed from the ground,
 That he at liberty am^g the rest
 May grapple with thy foes, and foyle them round.
 The *Sisters* shall forbear their taske, and be
 On earth employed for mortality.

79

Tri-formed *Hecate* hath new put on
 Her *Styx*-dy'd mantle; and with Fury fly's
 To second our intents: the rest are gone
 Resolv'd to tend upon your Dietyes.

Charon hath hyred keeles, because his owne,
 Shan't serve to ferry o're the guelets alone.

80

Wee'l make a seconf *Aetna* voffit fire,
 At which, both *Erebus*, and heav'n shall quake,
 Cruelst *Alecto* shall amaz'd admire
 Our new-forg'd murthers, which we undertake.
 Wee'l give a creeping, yet a siddaine blow
 Shall make the stubbern'ſt earth-recks to & fro.

E 5

Wee'l

81

Wee'le worme their Minster with a hotter zeal,
Till their devot'on quickens to a flame;
Wee'le ring to their dead *Cæsar's* such a peale
Shall start them from their graves, and at the same
As at the Trumpet's sound shall rise anon
With a preventing resurrection.

82

Their bodyes rais'd, we will afford them then
A second funerall, new-kindled piles;
Their dust to dust return'd, shall turne agin
To dust, till mingled all each, each defiles.

Wee'le burne the off'ring on the Altar lyes,
And turns the Altar to a sacrifice.

83

Wee'le make their kingdome crackle in the flame
And so refine their purer Crowne i'th' fire
Wee'l bandy them against *Jove's* highest frame,
Both Marble paved-Court, and tow'ring spire.

So send them all, unto heav'ns Axe-tree
That they, like starres, but falling starres may be

84

If *Thetis* riding on the swelling tide
Come downe to see her couzen *Thameſis*,
And sporting on her bankes doth there abide
Till *Phabus* comes, her watty lippes to kisse.

She shall swimme home agin, in deepest goare
Bringing a red sea, to her blushing shoars.

85

To Menyslay bace wae'sacrifical
 Ten Hacromber and quench the saered fire
 With a full streaue of blood, that shall arise
 Samoth from the sacrifice, and sacrificer,
 Weel finde out one shal make the roiall blood
 Runout, through his owne veynes of blood.

86

When fond Eliza frownes in Parliament,
 Shaking her Scepter with dread threats at Rome,
 In her false ballance weighing punishment
 Till it by whole faile o're to Spaine doth come?
 Weel send a fatal blow, shall snatch away
 Both scale and her in one poore manur's stay.

87

Weel plucke her Rose, & burne her thistles there,
 Weel wish ourragious hands bespeake the heart
 Thars in her Lyon rampant) without fearey
 Weel wrest the Scepter from her doore, then part
 The same twixt Rome and us, and so will I
 Breaking that gold, Espouse our amity,

88

What though his Nobles round about her stood,
 To fence her with an orient sparkling beame?
 Weel dye Nobility in roiall blood,
 Lay they upon that Theater supreame
 Nor earth shall stop me, nor heavn bestr me
 My temples too are studded wi' a crowndown
 Thinkes

89

Thinks earth, I feare her woopes by land & by sea
 Thinks Heavn the Cyclops battaille I do feare? WI
 My forces are as strong as both can be, iiii
 I care not for those claps, that mock the ayre. (noi so
Tor thunder will but drown our bellowing H
 His flashings will bnt light our darkned joye V

90

You, you are our beloved; we repose
 Great confidence in Rome: and with full joy WI
 We'll lay our Scepters at your feet, depose
 And pawne our Kingdome for you to annoy. So
 Those that disturbance your place: Tis you defend
 Our right, and we will ours to you intend.

91

Thus said (Deate Empresse) dearest to the Gods
 Their Rome to hell) theire Legate sallyed forth,
 And riding with the wind, did get the odds, that
 He poasted on so fast to tell the worth
 Of his Ambassage to his Lord from hell,
 And greet his Highnesse from th' infernall te

92

(are fraugh
 Gladnesse now plumps their veines, their bones fit t
 With marrow's fatnesse; Bacchus runnes so free Ven
 He with his staggering feet light Venus caught rom
 The stews, keep open house; and patents fleo With
 With a new licence from the Pop's broad-sea T
 To admit all, to that the common-weale. M with
 Hay

93

sei Have you not heard how proud Daris steed,
With open neighings did his Lord proclaim
King regent, just as if he meant indeed
To show in his new kind of laughing straine
How glad he was that day to celebrate
Which chase him Jenet for his riders state.

94

Then at the horses suffrage all the rest
With shouting give their voyces to the King,
As if they would joyne triumph with the beast
To guil'd the day with making up the thing
One throwes into the aire his follick cap,
That it may dally in her wanton lap.

95

Is not her from his purse dilated wide
By his free heart, let's flye a mint of gold
That the poore comfions there; may see him ride
Full mounted on his horse in printed mold.
Whilst every cottage brings it's fagget mite
To eake the day with a lent boniers light.

96

Thus the Romane crew (after their eares
Were ptickt up with the Message Hell return'd
From their God Pluto's darker clouded spheares)
With joy begun to rage with envy burn'd: (a ven
Their hearts runne o're their hagshead found
With beinful'd hearts, and full cups not content.
Now

97

Now their exchange is lost with no discourse,
Bur who shall be installed Monarch here,
Who Prince of Wales, and who in royll court
Shall orderly succeed each royll Peere?

What Jesuite or Bellarmine shall be
In *Canterburie's* Arch-ship, or *Yorke See*.

98

With what a couching plott, and hidden bate
They'd catch the Realme : nay England is their
To their Infernall King it's confiscate
They'd only come to take possession,

Not for to fight or conquer) and they'l bring
Nothing but *Peter's Keys* to make them King

99

But is Love deafe, because he hath no eare,
Or blind because no eye to see withall.
The waking eye, to which all things appeares,
The open eare, in which eachthing doth fall,

Saw what he heard, and heard what he did
The eye, and eare in God's his Diery.

100

Seeing what envy had conceiv'd in *Rome*,
Hearing what treason whispered in the dark,
The God into their counsels-chamber come
Zealous to fence this swimming Iland berke,
Opening the booke of life, they cast up the spaire
Elizas vertues Chronocl'd in heauen.

101

And thus Conclude: what shall *Eliza* be
 Who loyall to the Gods, so true to men,
 And faith's sheild in making Faith her sheild, shall we
 Crowne her to stand and fight for truth, and then

Suffer Rebellion from our common foes
 To Snatch both Crowne from her, and truth

102

(depose?)

No, no, *Eliza* is to us more deare:

Our truth's as deare to her: we will defend
 The Faith's defender from all forraigne feare
 Let us to her a love-ambassage send.

Goe Mercury, said they, to *Albion's* Throne
 Vnsfold Heaven's secrets unto her alone.

103

(was true)

And now (dread Queene) know thus much, all
 That fell from heaven in that prophetiek dreame,
 Which grace unfolded in his sleepe to you,
 The boyling fury of your foes did steeeme
 Into a fog, and all the heaven's or'e spread,
 But by loves brighter shine'tis scattered.

104

The Gods have lent you as their choicest gemme
 From heavens rich cabanet to *England's* front,
 That you might shine within that Diadem,
 And quite blinde Envy as shee looks apon't.
 The Spain Sees, & covets, famine would steale it thence
 That *England's* faith might loose her reverenc.

But

105

But at *Joves* councell-table 'tis decreed,
The world no longer shall this geinne retaine,
'Twas onely taken from the richer breed
To shew the world and put it up againe.

Jewells of richer prize are not long worne;

Virtues unto more crownes then one is born.
(Slooch).

106

Kings have their change of robes : *Eliza* shall
Have change of crownes, and royll Scepters too
If earth won't suffer her to shine at all
In her unborrowed brightnesse here below,
The Gods will place her as a fixed starre
Shooting forth glory from a richer sphære.

QUINTUS

107

No (blest *Eliza*) *Rome* shan't circumvene
With buried treason or coucht pollcie
Thy Majesty or state at Parliament;
The Gods decreec *Eliza* first shall dye
They all are set in Parliament above,
Unto the upper house thou must remove.

108

At their late *Symad* thou wert chose to be
With the ioynt sufrage of that royll house
One of *Joves* privy-councillers, that he
His royll secrets might to The disclose,
Heav'n hath prepar'd a crowne, that thou may
Among the Gods to judge both *Rome* & *Span*.

JUL

¶ 1109

his measur'd out the length of heaven's decree;
 his was *Lover Alia sygnis sub commissione* ¶ 1109
 humble pride. His selfe the Queene as shee receiv'd
 the newes of her renew'd consti^tutioⁿ. ¶ 1109
 And straight shew'd his sicknes of love; sick to enjoy
 Her chang^e, her arayn, her all; then dyed for ioy.

¶ 1110

But first before death did divorce her soule; ¶ 1110
 Her heavn espouse it to another bridegroome. ¶ 1110
 Peace did by the love-sick bed condole ¶ 1110
 Her dying Patron in the fainting Roome; ¶ 1110
Eliza turning but her eye (her ey^e in sides) ¶ 1110
 Through which death looked out with maiestie.) ¶ 1110

¶ 1111

Did thero espy her ancient servant peate, and full
 bout to dye for griefe, as if she'd faine ¶ 1111
 Goe with *Eliza* to the grave, decess^e ¶ 1111
Eliza deady and with her still remaine ¶ 1111
 Shee saw her hand then laid I must leave thee ¶ 1111
 Unto my kingdome as a legacy. ¶ 1111

¶ 1112

Take from my fainting head this fading Crowne
 That I may lay mine honour in the dust. ¶ 1112
 Then from thy sacred hand present renouyne ¶ 1112
 Into our dearest *Jame*, whilst you intrust ¶ 1112
 His honor'd temples with our Diadem, ¶ 1112
 And with thy presence full attend on him. ¶ 1112
 With

C 113

With this Eliza ended: For her soule
 (As if it meant to goe along with peace)
 Departed flying to the highest Rode
 Translated to a crowne of blisse, and ease
 Death opened wide a gate of life to her. (& fear
 That she through Death might scape both dea

C 114

Have not you seene a palfie feare possesse
 The guilty Traitor, as he dying stands
 In expectation of a Death that guesst
 Made over to him from the judges hands,
 Feare making suite to death, that standeth by
 Death brings a Pardon, that he may not die.

C 115

(Jud)

Just thus when *Rome* and *Spaine* did circuite
 Of life and Death on *Englands* Soveraigne,
 Both bri'd to falsehood by a fested grudge
 Shee sentenc'd was to dye, but all in vaine
 Love sends his privy seal the death, and he
 Brings her a pardon, that shee may not dye.

C 116

Shee dyes, yet dyes not, dying doth escape
 Thy tyranny, which hovering ofte did move
 Vpon death's borrowed wings, to make a rape
 With fastned tallys on this virgin dove. (Crow
 Love takes Her from his Crowne, that so her
 May not be tooke from her, ere she go downe
 And

117

and now *Elizas* dead; who did bequeath
her virtues as a royll shrine to Crowne
succeding Iames with a true noble wreath,
commending peace to him as *Guardion*.

All shined in him with so full a blisse,
As if her soule had beene espous'd to his

118

and these had bin her portion: Can you tell
What was full Regent in her royll breast,
Which was not in our *Solomon* as well
Say what in her, and that in him was best,
As if that nature kept her mol'd to fashion
Him after her in each proportion.

119

and so this Peere did reigne, that had not shee
first swayd the Scepter with so full a grace
had bin a sin to thinke that sex could be
Masculine to keepe him equall pace
But Love did disinherit all their King
To make this woman, and this Masculine.

120

Shebus can doe no more then call the day,
And Phebe lesse, shee can but guild the night,
Nor he can lend the night an helping ray,
Nor Shee put out to use a minut's light.
Night gives to day, and day to night the way
But these maintained still a constant day.

As

vii 121

As soone as blest *Eliza* did goe downe.
Iames rise with glory on our Hemisphare,
Thus Scepters yeeld to Scepters, crowne to
Inconstancy is always constant here (crownes)

Kingdomes like *Ianus* have a doubleface;
They look on both sides with an equall grace A

viii 122

Have you not seene the rayuous Lyon run
With roaring stomacke to seek a prey,
Snuffling the until'd forefist once begun
With hunger-biting nose to finde the way
Rending the air now, with a thundring throa
Then bounding o're the Hills, bequath's a no

ix 123

O terror to the trembling vallie by,
Where innocency shroud's it selfe for feare
Among the little lambs, that there doe lye
And frightened often doe their food forbear,
Then when in hot pursuite sh'hath lost the da
Shee follows night more eager for a prey. P

x 124

Thus, thus the Lyon of the infernall tribe
Outrun *Eliza* i' dayes in hot careere,
Thinking his yawning stomack thus to bribe
By making her a prey; and faine would tare
Herselfe and throane in funder, till they be
Made Morsells for his whelpish pedigree.

125

and then once loosing his desired prey,
is cheated stomach barks with hotter rage:
to know nothing will goe downe, but Majestie
owre round's the Iland to renew his age
With some well married prey, at length he saw
Another game provided for his paw.

126

the buried Embers of that ash-heapt treason,
Which lay like quenched coales in sawdust hid,
some rakes up with the hand of blinded reason
and blows them with false zeale, untill they breed
With hatching heate a treason, which may be
A plot forme unto all conspiracy.

127

What though proud *England* lately lost her head
The crowne hath luster still; the right hand's gone,
but where's the Scepter though? *Eliza*'s dead,
but *James* is from her Phænix-ashes sprung.
Stairs rise & fall; the clouds are low and high
Princes decease, but kingdomes never dye.

128

The crowne is placed on a fager Head
Hiping in golden Fleece c. From thence will
More rays of wisdom: deep fetcht counsell breed
And nimble policy where reiges a King,
A stronger arme the Scepter now doth sway,
A woman's but a warrier for a day

Yet

129

Yet stout *Eliza* like a Gyant rose
 And with an heart hoopt in, with valour stood
 At Tillburie our forces to appose
 And scattered like the wind th' *Armado* wood
 But now we meet both strength & wisdom
 Pollicy may, but both must overcome. (down)

130

If once their Queene was such a whip to Spain
 Their King will be a Scorpion : was shee tam
 Rom's feare? he'l make Hell shake and Pluto
 Strength must not guide the sterne, but Pollicy
 Close wrapt in treasons must sit there, if we
 Or hope to get, or get the victory.

131

And now that treason, which did seeme to sleep
 And slept, *Eliza* sleeping; they awake.
 The Goaler Iesuite, which her did keepe
 Close Prisoner in his dungeon, now must take
 The fetters from her, let her loose, that shee
 May range about, and sit on Majesty.

132

This have I seen foul guilt, and sad despaire
 Making the Malefactor guilty cry,
 And after they condemned Him to feare
 Forced the Judge to sentence him to dye,
 And yet at lengah hath sue'd his pardon too,
 Which graunted, he more villanous doth grow

Wh

133

What though the treason slept, the Traitors still
Slept scouting eyes, & watchfull heads from sleep:
Lusting so long from villany, they will
Reake up their Lent, a cruell Easter keepe.
And murther innocency, that they may
Really cellebrate that Holy-day.

134

When slight and strength doe in a Duell fight,
Strength seemes the conquerer, slight feares that
Takes her heeles, & with a *Parthian* flight, (day
See kills her foe by running thus away;
So have I seen a Ram retreate, that he
With stronger hornes may butt his enemy,

135

The aged hoary Winter now had seen
Summer thrice wrapped in her winding sheetes,
Three rases *Phabus* with his steedes did winne
But running the fierce Lion at three sweats,
That he was faine to get the crab to pace
His horses back; as he came from the race.

136

And all this while hid treason buried lay,
And never knew a resurrection.
At length Rome thinkes to call a judgement day
And summone *Iamesto* to know his censur'd doome.
A Spanish twigg shall strike the Poppys head.
The roiall seed be sownen ia Romish bed.

The

137

The Heroick top-bow of that noble stemme
 Shall wither at the root, the branches fall.
 The twigg's stript off, shall grafted be on them
 That grow in *Raze*, till fruit sprout forth like gar
 Fed from the sop that fats the Jesuite
 Forgetting all the former nurture quite.

138

They'll feigne o're them that reigne or not at thi
 They have more crown's then one or els have his
 Less tripling trees for them or rise or fall; (no ha
 They'llaine at *Cedars*, or let all alone (staff
 They weigh not London's mace, that pretty
 They'll write at once all Englands Epitaph. vi

139

At length the Gates of Darknesse open wide
 Through which Hell's Ministers doe tally out
 Though night, shades, sainted Devils, very prid
 Those putrid poasts with false zeale gilt about,
 With whom their arch-ringleader Jesuite,
 Who says allegiance to the Prince of migh

40

He like his predecessor *Indiawell*
 Comes compas't round with his rife-rafe rout,
 The excrement of earth, the scumme of Hell,
 Who er'e hath brawny hands, hearts steel'd abou
 For rapes, for murthers, and new cruelty
 Are his assistants in this villany.

151

In English seed, which with rebellious lungs
 spit venome in their mothers face, and then
 Run o're to Rome, & their bound heart & tongues
 To serve Aprentiship, sent o're againe:
 At home they toyle in journey worke for Spaine,
 Entrap both mother, and her Soveraigne.

142

This done, He calls them round about & uncloseth
 His sealed heart: But first he makes them swear
 That none shall prove a committent to their foes
 On this obscurer text: That all should feare
 Th' unmanlike forfeit of fidelity
 If they intend to feed on Majestic.

143

Before he doth unlock his mind, hee'll first
 fast bolt it too, and barre it with an oath:
 Reason's companions are guilt, Feare, mistrust:
 Telling it to tell it he is loath:

And yet hee'll tell it blabbing guilt alone
 First feares himselfe, then her companion

144

He brings the booke of life that they may seale
 Deaths warrant with it: they straight with a kispe
 So close both heart and lipps, that neither tell
 The secrea cy, that now deliverd is

Thus making Heav'n subscribe to Hell in sinne,
 And seale the bond that they are all bound in

F

After

145

After wirth sacrilegious hands he steels
 The Priests blood wine, and gives the Laitye;
 They kisse the cup, and with a kisse each seales
 His closest heart to keep this secrecy

Thus life to Death just transubstantiating
 Whilst they in one cup life and death suck i

146

And now they stand prest vassells at the nod
 Of Pluto to exact what e're he will,
 He must serve Hell, that will not serve his God;
 One servant cannot have two masters still

Their Captaine Iesuite conducts the way,
 They lead by that false fire goe astray;

147

Thus, thus those Hell combined Feinds doe mee
 To satisfie blood thi stye appetite.
 They march like threatening Comets through
 Which once appearing to th' amazed fight f strand g

Presage some bloody deluge or the Fate
 Of Majestie or overthrow of state

148.

At length their greedy feet o'retake the place
 (Revenge doth seldom creep, but poasts away at s
 That place where treason stood to end the race e P
 And did for them in expectation stay.

With death presaging engines that did show
 Their foes had not a guard for such a blow

149

th English Troy-novant they pitcht the treason;
hat royall seate, which beares the mother name,
oland's Pernassus, where diviner reason
hath built her Throne, and honour rais'd her
The City, which this day hath *Europe* set(fame
ki Above her sisters in full glory dight.

150

hat, which commands the *Indys, France, & Spain*
ripping them all of all their choicest treasures
od; of wine and Spices, of the golden chaine,
nd yet to all the world her bounty measures.
y, Feeding the hungry with a belly full:

The naked cloathing with her happy wo^{ll}

151

ee all countrys worship Her, strive, and which shall
esent her with the richest offering;
n *Arabia* comes with her perfumed ball
strand gives it her as to the fairest Queene :

Hydaspes flatters her with Odours too
Striving *Arabia's* sweetnesse to outgoe

152

e quine drinks to her, and then send o're the cup
way at she may pledge her in the selfe same grape;
accue *Parthians* richer Diadems put up,
d come to her, with a rich laden lap.

ow *Virgeinia* sends Her that diviner weed, (seede)
Which had *Love* tasted, he would begge the

153

Her streets no streers but pleasant gardens are
 Where little *Hyacinth* that lovely boy
 Sports up and downe with young *Narcissus* faire
 Tell me what is not there for Palate joy?

First fruits are duely paid to her, as if
 Shee were Queene mother, of all Cities chiefe

154

There you shall see the bloodbright cherry gro
 With blushing ripenesse, e're Dame nature can fer
 Couler her sister's paler-cheekes, which grow
 In other places, with a faintish wan

The unprest wine full bottel'd you may see
 In forward bunches, tempting of yonr eye

155

Their various flowers dresse the rising spring,
 As she hath new got up, and make her shew
 So glorious with her frequent varying,
 That *Juno*'s bird being by would leeme a crowas

Nay forward *Hiblas* top may well confesse, Wi
 To that, shee's but a wild spread wilderness

156

Tell me (Braye Citizen) if e're the day
 Got up, *Arabia* did not call on thee :
 If whil'st on tender downe each member lay
 Thy bed seem'd not a *Phoenix*-nest to thec :

Thence from that gather'd garden did arise
 Such odours for thy morning sacrifice.

T

157

There planted is within her fruitfull wall
 The tree of life, which spreads faire branches o're
 Her confines, and with fatnesse feeds them all;
 Their sprouts the tree of knowledg more & more,
 No worme, nor canker in the apple is :
 'Tis not a garden, but a paradise.

158

Close by Her swelling *Thamass* doth glide
 An fencing it with a snakelike twining wall :
Nephys doth every day come downe the tyde
 And brings his Bride to see those stately halls
 Who yeiwing them amaz'd such state to see
 Sinks downe into an ebb, and back doth flee.

159

Up on her swelling breasta *Towne* doth floate,
 The arched bridge is thick set double rownd
 Of houses hedge it, through it boates doe shoothe
 Owas swift as arrowes from the *Parthian* bow.
 With whose vast weight the river's prest so soare
 'Tis forc't with louder mutterings to roar

160

Beyond it you may see along her side
 That monument of glace antiquity,
 London's chiefest fort, the towning towers pride:
 Where *Mars*, and his iniurion prisoners lye:
 Till peace disturbed by her foes put in
 Sufficient bale to fetch them out againe.

161

Next neighbour to it stands oþi sandy mold
 That house, which with her dayly customes fils
 Th' excheqnor with refined fleece of gold
 Richer then *Iason* brought from *Causa's hills*,
 Thither the *Indian* ships their riches bring
 Vnloading yearly tribute to their King.

162

Where *Thamisis* is broader set below,
 Running in deeper waves with lesser noise,
 There you may see a navy proudly goe
 Whilst full mouth'd *Zephyrus* their sailes doth
Thamis is *London* wall: the ships are all
 The watchmen, *London* sets to keepo the wall.

163

Some lye returned from their two yeares race
 And bring the prize with them whitch they did
 By tilting with their Masts, running apace
 At th' golden line to cut the Ecliptique string.
 Some overcharg'd with wine begin to recle
 But some discorging it they save the keele.

164

Some after they the fowler seas do scower
 Licking his slimy filth on either side,
 Rerurne with crazy ribs, beat with the power
 Of thunder tempests, and a raging tyde
 And there all furth with grasse in harbour lye,
 That they may cure their green sick maladye
 Whilf

165

Whilst others round about them sporting play
 Not troubled with that lazy sloath deafeal
 Damaskt about their decks with glittering ray
 Hatchet with beauty like ~~Yewes~~ cristall lays,
 Sounding the trump to welcome Thett down
 Whil'st she conveys the Echo to the towne.

166

C. 166
 Put on, and see that wooden Gyant rise
 With such a Monster crest, and threatening front
 If you'd thinke hee'd wage new warrs against the
 Land like the Gyant race soone set upon't
 A ship so vast as if ten woodshad beeene
 Cut downe to build it, which they did begin.

167

Ship, enough even of it selfe to make i
 d navy, and hold stonyly out in play
 And with an Armado : had it bin oth' lake
 With it, alone it had frightened them away.
 When once it plotwes the seas, die boldly say
 Neptune will dive that he may give it way.

168

Pallace fit for Majestie where he shal abode
 May keepe his court, and eod he deeme it meet
 Right tides & progressel in it, should it beth assaied
 Sieged, with an hoast, till all their meare
 Provided were devoured, they might plant
 Plough, sowe within it to supply their want.

169

Bnt yet come back againe, and with the tide
 Recover London bridge, that you may passe
 (Whilst on a smoother wave you thorough glide
 With safety on the eequall tract of glasse,
 Then feast your eyes on each side by the way,
 Veiwing those frames, that cast so bright array

170

Leading to that, from whence Apollo spake
 In Englands Oracle, renowned James;
 Where once that Prelate Monarch Woolfie took
 His Primarie dignities, those swelling names,
 Which flow'd, and ebb'd at last like th' Emblem
 That rise, and fell so oft by's pallace side.

171

White-Hall, where he once satte upon a Throne
 Without a Crowne, and kept a Court, as if
 His king were Prelate, and he King alone
 Swaying both King and Scepter; till his life
 Proclai'm'd him Traitor, and his Pride prov'd
 Not lifting him so high, as't left him low.

172

On either side faire Fabricks beautified
 With Dedall cumming border it about:
 On this the Minster mounts her sacred head,
 Where Britaines Kings in Christned pomp go ou
 Being then first crown'd with the Diadem
 After dead Casar yeeldeth up his stemme

Ther

173

There lyes the royall dust, and quiet bones
 Of all our *Henries*, the Marble their
 Weeps o're our famous *Edwards* and bemoanes
Eliza's urne, paying a tribute teare

To her dead Soveraigne; till all the store
 Quite spent, it drys to stone, and weeps no more

174

On that side stands a Frame whose prouder spires
 (Guilt on there crests with a deep *Saphron* beame)
 Doe court the clouds, and kisse *Loves* taper fires
 Goe equipage with Heaven. and often seeme
 To lend themselves to *Atlas*, while they beare
 (To eate Him) on their tops the moving sphære

175

A goodly Hall, which dares vye statelinessse
 With all the patterns of our former dayes,
 Brazen *Colossus*, tall *Pyramides*,
 The *Ephesian* temple shrin'd about with bays.
 That high-fam'd structure, & that posift frame
 Founded, and finished by th' *Affyrian* dame

176

A well knit unity this house divide
 Into an upper, and a lower region,
 So planets in their severall sphære abide
 Yet keepe a constant and united motion
 The King-like *Titan* from his flaming crest
 Sparkles his muuall glory to the rest

177

With him, the Pawne of England's hōpes, those
That sprouted from the aged royal Sift, (wiggs like
Shrink, as if Phabwoldst them perwyggs; q25 W
Budding forth glory, which was blowen there the 1

To fuller bightnesse, sitting next the King,
Like *Venus* next *Sol* more light borowing. Te

178

With him, those two tops of *Peknassus* Hill, dim O
Those tapers, which upon our altars stand, dim Wh
The two Arch Prelates, who with luster fill dim C
The senate; luster, which poere oile maintain'd earin
Sincerer wisdome shin'd in them so bright, The
Like th' greater put-out hon'ours lesser light. luc

179

With him, the rest of Britain's noble traine, on how
Those scarlet troopes, that shine in royll blood mate
Array'd in spotted Furres, richer then can possibl
Be dapple dyed in *Affyrian* flood. ith

Glittering in brisker gemms then e're was set Ac
On best of *Parthian* King or Coronet. An

180

With him, the Judges all in cloath of goare, under
To Embleme that they sit on guilty blood; us on to ad
Unribb'd *Astra* beares the sword before, here
They must not strike till justice thinke it good, lenu
And draw the sword: She guides both blade and ligh, and ligh
Judges condemne, but 'tis at her command. (hand over

All

181

all these with full united glory meet
 like tapers rhingled lights, which stronger shineth
 the trumpets Echo triumphs to the street
 as they ride on with majesty divine,
 The thronged commons twist their votes with
 Teaching the birds to sing an Ave there,

182

They're ready now to mount that judgement hall
 where Justice sword stands bare, her ballance c-
 dice think her head, & Impudence looks pale (ycn)
 bearing Astraea is come downe from Heaven
 There stands Romes whipping post, the Jesuite
 plucks in his horns, & chunckes of coyching slight,

183

Now prayers Elysium seale with winged flight,
 granatus cannot rest within his grave
 they howle such votes to that grand Jesuite,
 with prayers both whipt and stript his aide they
 At length the Devill doth a plot infuse (grave
 And they sing Hymnes unto granatus

184

Under that stately house sly Cellars crepe
 to adders under fairer flowre as though wonfull
 here Bacchus doth in drowsie hogheads sleep
 Venus there his bouse mose doth crow with
 light spreads her sable wings in diuinal fort
 over the vault, and keeps continuall court.

Plato

181 183

*Pluto that treason-Patron from deepe Hell
Being the Caverne with convetience set
So nigh his confines; and so apt a cell
To further their designe, he doth them greet
With larger summes from his owne treasury
To Stock the treason, and the cellar buy.*

184

*Then summons all'pon paine of Hel's displea su
To midnight silence, whilst with equall dole
He doth his royall charge to each deliver,
Which did from him like louder thunder role.
They shiver all in cold amazement, while
They heare the thing, and yet they do it toyle.*

185

*Tis thys (*Heroick* soules, our royll breed,
Borne for no meane dignes) let crackling bays
Whize out their slender fame, who onely bleed
In an *Armado*, that's not worth our praise
Wee'l build our *Trophys* on a Kingdom's ruin
Or wee'l have none: The iron's hot, be doing*

186

*Tis red for striking! Opportunity
Iust now hangs out her bush, catch hold on tha
Or else occasion's gone, strath wings to flye:
If once the Synod rise, Time shows his pate,
Then fasten on his lock, and make him stay
To see and Chronicle November's day,*

Ju

187

Just when that furnish't fabrick shall begin
 To swell with Pride, because in her the flower
 Of dreſt nobility is compast in,
 When Majestie sits under her ſpread bower,
 Shining like *Phebe* in the azur plaine
 Amids beſpangled Uesper's glittering traine.

188

When every ſtate is plac't, beginne your play,
 Strait draw the curtain from the Tragick ſcēane,
 Let hell appeare in her owne ſhape that day;
 And let deſtruclion ſally forth unſeeene
 When th' King with ſugred ſpeech is charming
 Send him a plaudit from th' internall Hall.

189

Then bullet up from that munition'd cell
 Thy ſplintred barres, & broken rocks to teare
 The prouder walles in ſunder, let all feele
 What ſands the barkes of *Acharen* doe beare.
 Blow up the bottoms of their towers to heavn,
 Levell their prouder top with *Tellus* even.

190

Each haves his charge, all like the baite ſo well,
 They chew upon it with a full delight:
 Thrice watery ſtomachs long, untill they fill
 Themselves with Majestie, they long for might.
 Hope claps them on the back, & cheeres them ſo
 They feare not, care not what they undergoe.

Have

191

Have not you seene how aged summer castes
 His shedding haire by handfulls from her head ;
 Her leaves tost up and downe by Autumn's blasts
 Fall in full shoales till earth be covered :

Iust so in swarmes Hell's Harbingers doe fly,
 Sent to take up this shooe of cruelty.

192

And now as soone as night gave day the fall
 They creepe into that caverne vaulted deepe,
 But yet not nigh enough to Pluto's Hall,
 Where they they their engines & munition keepe.
 They must delve deeper yet, 'tis their intent
 To borrow Vulcan's forging tenement.

193

With spades, and mattock forces they goe down
 Like Hannibal they'l finde or make a way ;
 They then besiege earth's closed dungeon
 And carue out trenches in the mangled clay.
 Break through resisting rocks, teare up the ground
 The rivers trembling back at th' noyse resound.

194

With beamy-yron-towes they sticke the heart
 Of Mother earth, that neigbouring Thamis grew
 Sill to have shaking fits as day did part,
 The earth so quak't with a quotidian ague.
 They dig'd so farre Pluto was faine to send,
 (Fearing an undermine) to bid them end;

And

197

nd now they are within Hell's liberties
 Arrived close at black *Cocytus* layes (dibbs) (says),
 They heare strong neighings, which do mock the
 Hundering from steeds, that on *Cocytus* gaze.
 They like the *Omen*, and petitiones make / take
 That they that harueste me from Hell may

196

Hell grants commission, that they may unfeather
 The *Stygian* brood, and knock their fetters off,
 The coale-blacke double brace come up together
 urygging over *Etna*'s hilly roose.
 All hooft with thunder, prancing as they came
 They make each flint with lightning flashe's

197

(flame

Ethon throwes mist into the thickned ayre
 rom furnace-lungs breathing forth *Sulphure* fogs,
Victor with bushy taile doth syepe it cleare,
 Till it all lycs on earth in scummy bogges.
Orpheus staring eyes with fire glow.
 And in the ayre like kindled Meteors show,

198

Mastor like swift *Pegasus* doth flee, A gribble and
 His wings doepe dipped in the *Stygian* booke vpon
 doe dropdownne clouds of darkenesse, which doe
 The Ile in sable black, & makes her looke, (dye
 As if shad bought her mourning, which she went
 To hang on *England's* funerall monument.

Treasons

199

(yoi)

Treason's wide watchouse now prepar'd, they
 This blackbread broode unto Hells midnight
 Whose axletree well loaded 'gins to croake
 Like death's Ambassadour, as Ravens jarre
 In untur'd harmony, and croaking tolle
 A passing bell for some departing soule.

100

Full stufft out barrells press the groaning wain
 Whose rising womb, and empty nerves are fill'd
 With black blue Peter, that nankindled gaine,
 Which is through Stygian salted sand distill'd.
 A little feede scattered on Erebus,
 And there to dryer mould, was parched thus.

201

The fiery horses draw this loade of sinne,
 With staring maines, and racked joyncts so long
 Till foaming sweat doth dapple their black skin They
 And quite weare out the carmans whipping thon't ma
 At length th' unload the wain, that they may load like
 Bacchus, whil's they with these his barrels croud. T

202

Thus adding fire to that tinder-fuell,
 They strive to lick up with this dryer dust
 That oylie liquor faine would make a duell,
 Whilst these, at those welmarshall'd barrels thrall
 But straight conglide their private quarrell so
 That they joyne forces gainst a common foe.
 And Pe

200

And now the Horses draw with easer thighes,
Wantoning back to hell with frisking limbs
Spitting forth boyling flame abroad, which flyes
From their unruly chaps in hissing hymnes.
Quench in the colder ayre like cinders bright
Which in the water hissing, quench their light.

201

They feed on provinder of Stygian graines,
While *Sterops* and *Pyracmon* are at jars
And sweat in blood of yellow *Scythians*,
Striving who shall beate forth more Iron bars.
Great store of sturdy *Thracian* Iron's sent
To forge at *Vulcan's* furnace-tenement.

202

With this large minerall the second time
They loade the cart, and weigh so ponderous
Not made hells baited horses blow againe :
Alike slow Bootes now from *Erebos*.
They creepe along ; their fiery metall dyes
Yet night bring's all into their treasuryes.

203

Here in that cavern's deepe abyffe, they heape
An Iron Pyramis, the Basis layd
Upon the barrells, but the top shall creepe
Forc't upwards) to the heavens, and Iove invade
Had you but seene that monster you'd have thought
Peryllis there his brazen bull had brought,

They

204

They stay not, but with *Pegasian speede*
(Treason's suspitious alwaies of a vent)

They lash their horses backe with twining reed
Who swift as thawing winter's current went;

Then cut downe woods to billets, batter downe All
Their rotten woodden Gods to bring to towne An-

205

Cast downe their images, all gnawne within (paind
To putred worne-holes, but dawb'd o're with strong
That emblem, nay there God head, trunke divine fba
These they build o're for fuell coverment. (seenake

You would have sworne had you that pile but Vp
The wooden horse had entred *Troy* agin. - Vp

206

With pickaxes as sharpe as those that breake
The tougher yce of glazed *Tanais*,
They next into some craggy paved creeke
(Where angry seas 'gaint foaming rocks do rise)

Launch forth, that they may cutt Don Neptunes warts And
Hew downe I meane those raving rockes in parts. Sin-

207

Digging whole quarryes from his monstrous side
Then dashing them to lesser thunderbolts,
Next downe the bankes of *Phlegeton* they glide, Ca
And there take Captives all the damned doubts:

Make the day labourers to gleane the land,
Gathering the stones lye on th' unpav'd sand.

Whilst

208

whilst others with rude mattocks dig up all
els regent-walke, and levell it alone
eed with cinder dust, which from their forge doth fall
ay they l not leave for *Syssapus* a stone:
All joyne to build a fort for envy's shall
And hedge in treason with a rampant wall.

209

ind now tis built: they first dig deepe to lay v
strong foundation, with a mixed rout A
ne fbarrels stufft with wine, and powder-clay m o
ake up, they build upon that bottom stout
Upon the fire they heape on fuell wood,
Upon the fuell barrs of Iron stood.

210

pon the Iron, stones their forces send
ixing a quarrye with a Minerall
east with a faintish flame the fire send
ut coldly upward Iron keepes downe all
And, least the Iron with a falling fit
Sinck downe, to blow it up the fier's fit.

211

thus strength resisted growes the stronger still,
thus contradicted passion rageth more:
Cammanell trod downe grow uppward will,
bended bowes fly up, and strike more soare,
They hide the treason; darts foreseeene will
Not hurt so much, forewarn'd forearmed still.
Now

212

Now match the patterne : Let me see who dar
Discover his ranck blood, and say that he
Is of that kindred, envie will not share
With them, or take in more affinity.

These have ingrost the saile of blood ; no fees
Can bribe up hell to grant more Patentees.

213

Now treason's ready drest to goe abroad,
And Faux hath borrow'd *Plutos* livery
To manrie her. Hee's the Pimp to helpe her trad
She never stirrs but in the night, and he
Is faine to snatch a fire-brand from Hell, (stil
Which his dark-lanthorne-lights to guide he

214

Faux, whose black blood stood in his face, & the At I
Emblem'd the couler of his filthy heart Dro
Sooted with blacker vice, and swarthy feare, He I
Yet blood-red paipard with raw flesh : his par Con
At every meale was wovish milke, which came
From those two soare breasts, festered Rome ad

215

(Spain)

With too officious duty he prepares dinnerfull and
To lay his mistris cloaths against the rife, (noo am
Marshall's the barrels, rancks the Iron-barres, (O
Then primes the powder, traines it till it lyes
Close by the barrells mouth, ready to broach
The Treason-lights, & blowes the kindled matc
wom.

An

217

dar, and now he calls on slowpac't aged Time
 thinking his waxen wings are melted quite,
 each minute seethes a day, each day as nitte,
 the houre-glasse is stopt, or runnes not right.
 He sweraes the clocks doe lye, and Sextons fee's
 Greasing their fists, that they the wheeles may

217

(greace

hen sends to Time that oylie jiste, the Moone
 pon her Heifers sprinkles ; bids him moist
 his stiffened limbis with that, which Phaeton
 appules his steeds ; and chafe each sleeping joyn.

And yet Times crazy-staffe doth softly goe,
 And yet his tyred leggs as lazy shew.

218

At length he offers dayly mattins to him
 Dropping as many beades as words do fall :
 He knitts both prayers and promises to woe him,
 Come, (Nimble Time) come to our Stygian hall
 Il'e let Thee in to see a Tragedy
 Where the Spectators act; The standers by

219

Shall neither see nor heare ; nor act, nor sceane
 Doe measure it ; no sugred words collouge
 With peevishe eares to begge a plaudit in :
 The prolog here, shall be the Epilog

And clap it selfe : a Tragædy just donne
 As foone as it is but in thought begunne.

Weel -

220

Wcc'l hang no false lights out go entertaine
 The actors that their luster may more shine :
 The candles here shall be the Tragick flame,
 Not lighted force the Tragedy begin. (ou

A thought both light them shall, and put ther
 So quick an *exit* brings the Sceane about.

221

No musick here shall call the Prologue in,
 But thunder-claps, & shrieking cryes which com
 From tortur'd Princes to those Ecclusing,
 This cea't the play beginnes not, but tis done.

Nay, whilst the Sceane is acting you shall see
 The stage pluckt downe: Mysterious Tragedy

222

Chiefe actors are but three, and they all drest
 Iust in the whores attyre like puppet Rome:
 Dull Ignorance comes out before the rest ;
 Hir maides are Error, Superstition.

These follow ignorance still but on this stage
 They all goe hand in hand just equipage.

223

The stage is rudely built as low as Hell,
 Hang'd round about with darker clouds & mists
 The walls thicke mud, caru'd out of Natur's cell
 The roofe for Majesty faire bowers twists.

Set up in *England*, but the Actors come
 Out of th' attyring house of puppets Rome.

Ignorance

224

Ignorance enters first, a wizled Dame
 Wrapt in the seamlesse coate her Saviour wore:
 So old, she's in her dotage; blind, and lame
 Led by the Church, on crutches of the whore
 In one hand there's a Bible clasped fast,
 In th'other a dimme light, which can not last

225

Next Errorr staggers in, drunk with the wine
 Of Fornication, reeling up and downe;
 Tost with the wind of Church-faith varying
 Walking with naked feete all scurfy growen
 With dirty penance: In one hand's a pardon,
 Th' other a purse to pay for his salvation.

226

After her gaudy superstition
 In chang of costly cloaths still varying:
 Her maid is counterfeit Devotion,
 Who carrys after her some holy shrine,
 Stole from the Virgin Ladies sacred brows,
 To which with supple knees she humbly bows.

227

Shee proudly walkes with tinkleing feet, & shines
 In that same purple robe Christ once put on (shines,
 Hung round about with beads, & crown'd with
 Wearing the God sh' adores with such renoune.
 In one hand ther' es a candle ne're goes out,
 A bell in th' other cursing all about.

Sometimes

228

Sometimes shee's loosely drest in Hermite leaves, A I
 Girt with that cord about her hairy loyne, Tha
 With which, Christ whipt those buying sellinge But
 Out of the temple, who did there conjoynetheeves Wh
 Both God and Beliall in one house together, V.
 Thus girt for pilgrimage, she wanders thither.

228

Where all the sacred reliques treasur'd lye He
 To see the Angell Gabriel's plumes, who brought Cr
 The first newes of her Lords Nativity, Bu
 The thirty peeces which her Saviour bought, A c
 The crosse, the nayles, the tombe, the spunge, reed, Da
 The very vinegar, which he drank, is there speare T.

229

(wight

These three leade forth an old, blacke, meagar Wi
 With fatted eyes, blown cheeks, & brothel crowne An
 Wrapt close in weeds of darkenes like grim night, In's
 With necke into his shoulders shrouded downe, An
 With fleering chaps, his gag-teeth threatening
 His very image was Hereticall. (all. T)

203.

Ignatius eldest sonne, an Epicene, At
Prorenz in doctrine; a iust courtier Priest; Vp
 A wolfe in wooll; a glow-worme that doth shinc Ign
 Most in the darke: a Sainted feind at best: The
 Royme in a Surplice, ranck hypocrisie,
 Rotten, but painted o're divinitie.

130

A Iesuite; that monster pharifie
 That fasts with sweet mea's, keeps a box forth:
 But *Iudas* like them fils his treasury. *spoore,*
 What not? A just darke Lanthorne and no more,
 Whose tongue is nothing but equivocations,
 His heart made up of mentall reservations.

231

He brings a map upon the stage wherein
 Crownes pictur'd are, and Scepters cast array:
 But close by swordes are draw'n by coulering,
 A cup of poyson's placed in the way. (by
 Dasht braines, rent limbs, blood spilt ly's picturd
 Thus. Crownes they win, aud weare by cruelty.

232

With that, he soone defends a loathly cell.
 And sets him downe just like *Diogenes*.
 In's hogshead, where full barrels round him well
 And there upon a plot he shewing is,
 Thinking to compasse more in's tub alone,
 Then Alexander can upon his throne.

232

At length he calls those Three, that set him on
 Vpon that hideous taske to doe this deed,
 Ignorance, Error, superstition;
 They plaud the deepenesse of his reaching head,
 Promise to raise assistance, who shall cry
 Out of his plot to make a Tragedye.

G

One

133

One error bribes, another Ignorance,
But Superstition with her conjuring charm's
Commands them all, straight after her they dance:
Hypocrisie religion soone takes arms (Hell)

The chiefe were those three furys sent from
To stand for treason, and keepe sentinel

134

Faux, Percy, Catsbey, Romes Trium-viri
Those Parri-regick people-regnicides;
Spirits incarnate, abstract blasphemy, (sides
Who thrust at Love through Kings and Princes
White gun-powder, who kill without a noyse:
True lime whose mingling quencht, then most a n-

135

(noyse,

A trebble twisted courd of relatives
Bound Percy over both to king and state;
And yet with masked zeale he fassly strives
Guarding the King, the King to captivate:

A fence hath thorns, and he chose Penfioner
(Honord, with lending Majesty such honour)

136

Made his strict homage a back doore, where He So
Might let in treason and rebellion :
Over much zeale's a blast of pollicy
To blow up parisite presumption.

Thus an ungratefull snake doth often string
The breast, that warm'd it, once recovering.

Faux

137

Faux strives to cloath his couching villany
In *Percys* livery, goes for his man,
Waires on him in the roade of Tyranny,
But rides before him, striving to out runne
His master, and his mate; they softly came,
Whilst he in hot careere pursues the game.

138

A traitor to himselfe, that would betray
(Posing the aire, that breathed Him a soule)
The Patron of his life, before his day
Hastening to Pluto's file, and their enrole
Himself for darknesse, and present his King,
His Countrey too for a burnt offering

139

These are the true borne of that Father Feind,
A *Cadmus* brood sprung from the scattered seed
Of that true serpent's teeth, and now they bend
Their forces that they may dissensions breed.

The purer blood of long liv'd unity, (flye:
Which ranne in Englands veines, they'l now let

140

So are they taught by theit Trivertick Father,
Such doctrine howles forth triple *Cerberus*,
Mad wisdome! puddle knowledge; muddled over
Like slimy stremes of filthy *Erebus*:
Religion in the Lees! divotions mire!
A cold, false, foggy, wandring, fatuate fire

Novembris Monstrum.

241.

Oh'tis the cause, that is so Catholique,
Rome's almost ready for her matyrdome:
Our miters have beene shak't, if England strike
The second time, down comes our Triple Crown.
Religion cals, whilst her cause wee cry,
Tis virtue for to Sin, a price to dye

242.

A leaprous Church, a Church from scar's as free
As it is full of wounds; one onely soare:
Festred corruption springs and runs from thee,
So full of spots, uncapable of more
What horrid Tyranny dare show it's head,
That hath not first at Rome, beene licenced.

243.

These, these, that joyn'd to beare that common
Fettered together with her sacrament: (yoake
Was by her sacrilegious hyre bespoke
To call up Tyranny, and they consent.
Let's on: the danger's sweet: a Bull shall be
Our pardon; inerrit, our security.

244.

Wee I goe no common road, away with that
Presumption, which is obvious, what e're
Hath once beene heard shall never in our plot
Iugredient be: Presumption shall despaire
When she first heares of it; nay death shall be
Amaz'd to heare of such a prodigy,

Weel

246

Wee'l take up hearts of steele, and triple brasie
 Shall hooke them in : Then daſtard Tyranny
 To follow us to Hell; and there wee'l paſſe
 With confidence to th' Stygian diety;

So learne new magick that we may extract
 Sulphurian ſands from *Styx* his Cataract.

247

Some ſcattered *Atom's* duft wee'l gather thence,
 Which with impetuous rage, ſhall blow up all;
 An Omnidician blaſt to recompence
 The fury of that thronged Capitall.

Nor ſheild, nor bullwaike, nor that *Iron coate*
 Which fenceth thunder, ſhall this blow keepe

248

out.

Nor strength, nor care, nor both, nor all ſhall be
 A Remora to ſtop the full careere
 Of instant ruine; which well arm'd ſhall flee
 With cloſe revenge, and bring a weapon with her,
 Will all the acts of murther ſoone o'recome,
 Put an whole Kingdome to a martyrdome

249

That burning hill that keeps continuall fire
 Casting live coales into *Calabrias* breast,
 Doth but an hatching milder heate expire,
 And rageth with a fury quite ſuppreſt
 Compar'd to this; a furnace, had it bee[n]
 But kindled, Hell had had leſſe firſting.

G 3

Nay

250

Nay *Phabus* scalding beames (though he or' etake
The fiery Lyon at his raging denne)
In scorching *Libya* could never make
So hot a Solstice, burne as this had then

Wept or'e the flame they had not quenched
Had with their running fives the Belides (this

251

A fruitfull age; barren in all but some,
Fruitfull in sending forth a forward spring
Of ripe impiety. What gulfe within •
The deepe Abyss of *Tartarus* can bring
Bring forth such monsters with a direfull hand
Against anointed holiness to band.

252

Nor cholericke *Seytha*, nor yet *Concanus*,
He that was pampered up with horses blood,
Nor he of *Dacia servile Davns-Dacu*
Such Tyrant Mysteries e're understood:

Nay the *Sicambrithat red pated-race*
Poison'd with slaughters at this yale their face:

253

The affrighted aire with cold amazement shooke
Fearing the thumping blows it should receive,
The starrs doe quench their flames ith' misty
Of *Acharon*, as if they would bereave (brooke

The Siblunary orbe of all it's light

Loathing so black a deed so strang a sight.

Phab

251

Phœbe began her palseie head to shroud,
And scared at the sight pluckt in her horns.

Apollo's steeds did start into a cloud
And each with strange reluctancy suborns

The guider, that he would let loose the raine
That they might draw the day quite back again.

252

Phæbus invests himselfe in sable black
Mourning to think upon so foule a birth.
The Axe-tree of heaven begins to crack (earth
Fearing some new forg'ed thunder-bolts from
The heaven's begin to weep, & with their teares,
Would make a deluge for to drowne their fears.

253

The unwreath'd snakes of the *Eumenides*
Stood bolt upright upon the Fury's heads :
The hundred-headed beast at th' news of this
Hangs down his eares, his taile like tw inig reeds.
He twists betwixt his leggs, runns howling out,
The Ghosts in strange disorder range about.

254

The heaven stands still, the Earth seems now to
In her diurnall circuit : the whole frame (round
Of nature seem'd unpin'd ; disorder found
Her order, now came in, and tooke the same
• The world amaz'd, thought Love had suffred
Or that the world now at an end had been (then,

255

The sands of *Bosphorus* begun to groane,
They heard of it and miurmure of the newes,
The *Libyck Syrtes* faine their heads would drowne
In *Affrick sea*, but *Neptune* doth refuse
The Arminian waves doe roare, and carry thus
The news to *Taurus*, and to *Caucasus*.

256

The *Hyperborean* mountaines, which retaine
An equall portion of the day and night,
Halfe yeare in day, and halfe in night remaine
Scard from their course keep a continuall night
The *Oakes* on *Gargon* on their tops look faire
As if for madnesse they had toare their haire.

257

The aged *Alpes* dissolve their frozen snow
Filling up *Rhodanus* with their melting teares,
And *Rhodanus* doth her rising bancks o'reflow
Blabbing to *Franc* and *Italy* our feares.
Acturus will goe downe, *Ericthon* rise,
That they may leave tempestuous seas and skyes.

258

And yet, and yet, that hell-hatcht crew controles
Both heaven and earth, goe equall with the stars, In si
With proudest heads confront the highest poles Let
Promise to warm with flames heav'ns coldest cars Vnt
Heark, hearken, Hell applauds us then they cry
And so applaud themselves in villany.

And

259.

And now the day's their owne, that glad-sad day
That deare, that raising, that foule-faire weather,
Which must both raise a tombe, and Trophy lay
For *England*, and yet not for *England* neither.
 Britain's sad Epitaph hangs o're her heart,
 And Romes false Iubile is turn'd in verse.

260

And now some pen that's Jesuiticall
Must forme a letter of equivocations,
Indited by a head politicall
To keepe the truth in mentall reservacions,
 'Tis sent unto some cull'd Nobility :
 Goe one, and riddle me the mysterie.

261

My Lord) that Catholike affinity,
Which knits relation betwixt me, and those,
Which are so nigh to you, makes me untye
What sacrament to you, which should keepe close
The dearest secreat of my breast, but see
How neare I prize your safe securitie.

262

Then as you love that soule, which is espous'd
In such a fellowship, so neare your breast,
Let it not be divorct: you are expos'd
Vnto a common danger with the rest :
 Take up some forg'd excuse ontrust, which may
 Sue at your absence on the Senate day.

The

963

The' God's decree is past, and man consent
 Both have conspir'd, and seal'd their minds, that
 Will muster up revenge to punishments, (they
 This yron rusted age shall battered be. Rev

A blow with sudden terror there shall be:

And yet the hurt, who hurts them, shall not see

264

No motions these commotions shall betray;
 Vshering the sequell with a prologue in,
 No trumpe shall sound initialls to the fray
 To tell the foeman when he shall begin.

A thunder-clap shall fall with such a blow

The left hand here, shall not the right hand

265 know.

Nor slight you now this warning peice, you may
 Escape the ruine horrours o're your head,
 With-draw your selfe, take wing, and fly away,
 Or else your life's already buried.

You may outlive the Fates; know, 'tis no more

But burne the letter, and the danger's or'e.

266

Heaven warn's you, be sore-arm'd : I hope that she Good
 That guided hath the hand, and penne to write, His
 Will ope' you eyes to reade the mysteric : The
 He that doth read, and understands not it And
 Is ready to neglect; neglect will make

An Index tot, let care keepe what you take.

The

267

The *Ænigma* styed in a Gordian knot,
The letter writ and sent, but who can spell
The meaning drawne in Ony'on juice, that's not
Revealed at all unlesse the fire tell.

Burne but the letter, then perchance you'll see
And yet that burnt, tell me the mystery

268

Who with the nimble strength of Dædall wit
Can loose these tangled lines? what *Lynceus* eye
Can sift the bottom of so darke a pit,
And there those hidden mineralls descry?

Who can this Labyrinth finde out, and trace
That Minotoure in this *Meander* maze?

269

None but that eye, that sees without an eye,
None but that sun, that shines in midnight darke,
Could either see or reade this mysterie,
Or quench this fire in it's ember spark.

None but that Oracle, which never spake
By Oracles could this transparent make,

270

God speakes by men, the Devill speakes, but by
His wodden carkasses; God speakes the truth,
The Lyer teacheth stockes, and stones to lye,
And yet a miracle doth breath from both. (so)

The Devil's raines hangs loose sometimes, but
That there's a curb commands him too & fr.)

Let

271

Let hell begin to open wide his jawes
 Thinking to swallow heaven with yawning thro:
 Hell shall prepare his stomach, but for thole
 Of his owne Tribe, that heare her branded note.
 A pit is often digg'd for other men,
 But he that diggs, shall sometimes first fall in

272

If Diomedes traynes his horses up
 With living men in stead of fodder food,
 An Hercules shall rise, and fill the cup
 To drench an horse with Diomedes blood.
 Perillus may prepare a Bull, but he
 Shall first in his owne Bull tormented be,

273

Let hell send forth her paler Pegasus
 That treason may ride post on it to bring
 The newes of winged ruine unto us,
 Yet Jove can hang a plummet on the wing,
 And force the fates to hover till he hit
 Vnder there wings, and make them fall it h p

274.

Jove calls his bird, that roiall Eagle forth
 Makes him his winged Mercury; goe fly
 To Albions court, that Synod of true worth,
 And there this mantled monster-brat discry. (way
 Give James the Clue, that he may finde the
 Like Thessus, and that he Minotaur betray.

This

275

This Lord soares on the wings of loyalty
And faithfully conveys that riddle spēll
To Cæsar's councell, where true royalty
Sate Judge on it, and cenfur'd, each doth tell
His severall verdictt, but the meaning still
Was tyed fast within the knotty spell.

276

Till heaven sent downe a light, and did infuse
The truer spirit of an Oracle
Into our Monarch's soule, to tell the newes
Where dire Reveng doth, with hid treason, dwell.
He reads the letter, and the language knowes
That confus'd Ideome of his Babel foes.

277.

And now the miners soone are undermin'd,
Vulcan discovered in his loathly cell
Sitting with other Gods, who there combind
To summon ruine from the depth of hell.

Vulcan sits next to *Bachus* caskye throne,
And *Pan* is mounted on a rocke of stone.

278

The wooden God is first plukt downe, and then
Vulcan and *Bachus* are descried there
Calling toth' rockes to cover them from heaven,
Shrouding their Hogsheads under stones for feare
The fuell's snatched from th' unkindled fire
The sowle of raps, the fowler's hang'd ith' bryver.
What

279

What candle was it, that could guide the eye
 To spell the meaning of so darke a spell ?
 What hand could catch at treason, and fast eye
 That captive, to remoye him from his cell ?

A light not lighted did those lines unfold
 An hand, without an arme, the foe controld.

280

That hand, which once did write without an arme
 Printing full terrour upon Babels wall,
 Guided this hand to write that hidden charme,
 Which proved their's, as that did Babels fall.

This did Uriah in his letter beare

The sentence of his death, ere, death came neare

281

That hand, which guided both, pluck me a quill, W
 From the choice pineon of a Seraphin W
 Dipt in diviner inck, that may distill Tu
 Full characters of prayse, in charoling (mand By

The wonders of that arme, which could com-
 And loose fast treason from so dark a band.

282

Infuse fresh Anthems in my duller muse,
 That so it may outrunne a Poets straine
 Lending the world new wonders to peruse.
 My Muse wrapt up beyond Apollo's veine.

Then in one Haleiu Ile sing a consort

Shall drowne a quier of Angells full report.

Where

283

Where I ledgeth now that true authentickē soule,
 Which was ne're out of tune iu *David's* breast,
 But kept continuall harmony, the pole
 Still heard him in the quier above the rest.

Wher's that sweet singers glory, who did make
 Each string of his owne glory to pertake.

214

(toungs,

Warbling his makers praise? where are those
 Which run division out of breath, while they
 Strove who should first outsing themselves in
 And with a Cignets chame call death a way (songs
 All striving thus one consort for to make
 Breaking the consort, each a consort take.

285

Were but that old Philosophy in season,
 Which makes the soule remove her lodging still,
 Tuning in this, and then in th'other manticion,
 By transmigration lending the same will

And power to enact, there were some hope,
 I might have *Davids* soule for *Davids* scope.

286

A way fond hopes! Blinde nature is no guide
Elijs can't *Elijah's* soule inheirit, (hide,
 Then looke not where the Prophets soule doth
 Without his soule thou mayst have *Davids* spirit,
 The wind blows where it lists, O let me finde
 In the right corner of my heart the wind.

Thou

287.

Thus winged with the wind my soule shall rise
To tune her Maker's prayse, farre, farre before
The early Larke doth charme the dawning skyes
My glory shall get up and ope the doore.
That from my enlarged breast a quire may goe,
And learne the Spheares to play November's Jo.

23 AP 57.

FINIS.

yes
be,
to.

Frontispeece Discovered.

THE DEVILL plots, the POPE will owen
The JESVITE must act or none.

One GOD doth SEE and SMILE, and BLAST,
What Hell, and Rome, and all forecast.

Tis not the blacknesse of the Pit
Can cloud this EYE from seeing it.

Tis not the deepenesse of the Pit,
Can straine this ARME from reaching it.

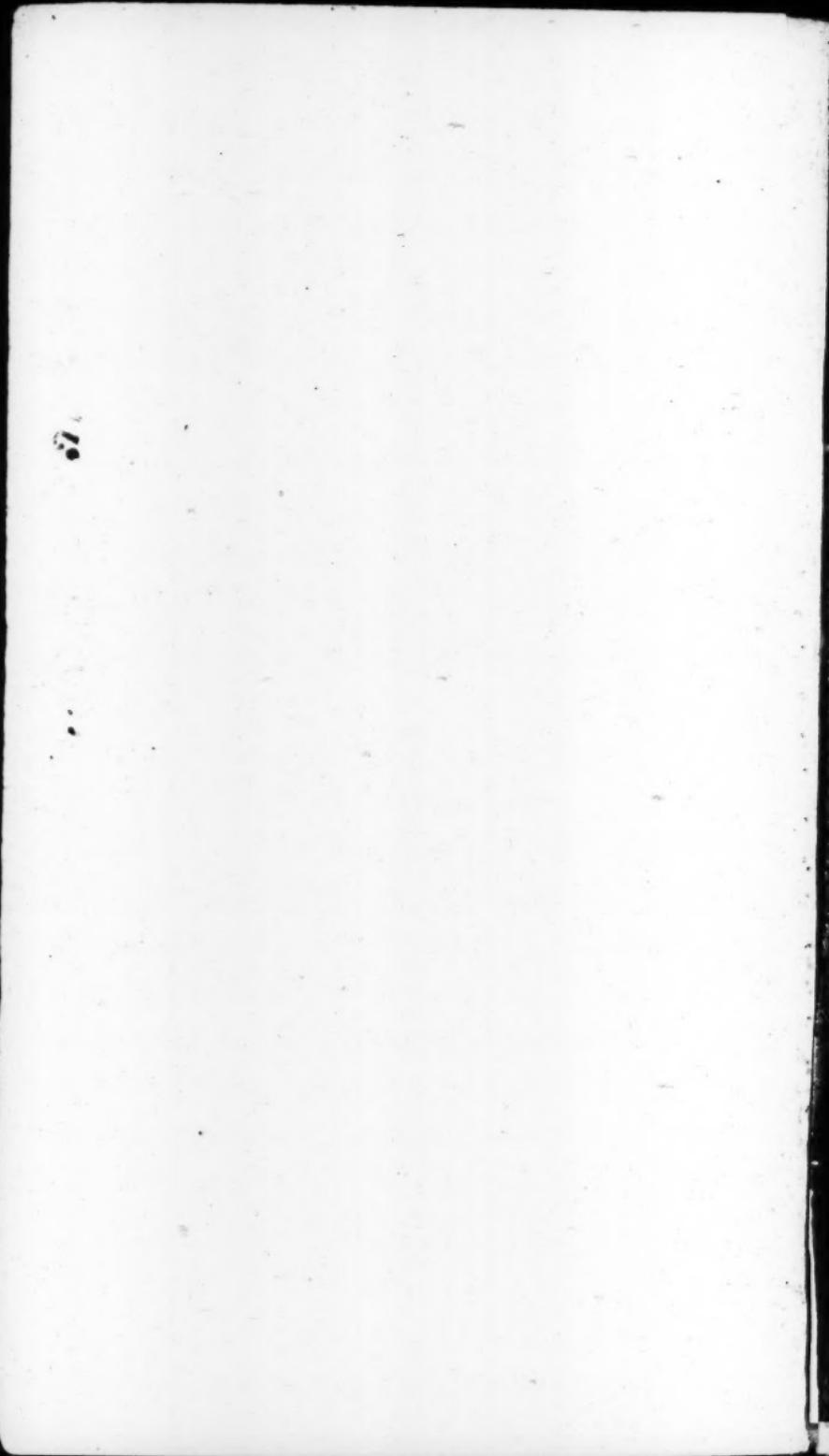
Tis not the terrour of the Pit
Can scare this SMILE from daring it.

One eye can chase the thickest mist,
One Arme can conquer, when it lift,

One looke, one touch, one Smile can quell
The Pride and Policy of Hell;

And let them yet more forces call,
One God will be too hard for all.





Novembris Monstrum.

OR
ROME BROUGHT TO
BED IN ENGLAND.

with

The Whores Miscarying.

Made long since for the Anniversary Solemnity on the fist day of November, In a private Colledge at Cambridge.

By A. B. C. D. E.

And now by conquering importunity made publique.

For a small memoriall of *England's* great deliverance from the *Powder-Treason.*

By E. M. A. D. O. C.

Monstrum, Horrendum, Informe, Ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

London, Printed by F.L. for John Burroughes, at the signe of the Golden Dragon in Fleetstreet. 1641. C

A letter writ indeede from Babylon,
Speaking confus'on, in confus'on. •

Tis true, one language, onely came,
And yet that language languages transpos'd
A Letter in a Letter was enclos'd
So that the same seem'd not the same.

How well may Rome true Babell be,
That speakes thus in a mysterye?
A masked tongue kept Babell from her height,
And Rom's confus'd language spoyles hir quite.
Plaine English speake, when you write next,
Your letter meant, nought lesse then what it meant
Therefore twas sent, to whom it was not sent,
Pray henceforth comment on your text.

'Tis brought unto the King we see,
That he may dive the mysterie.
Why ? what's the matter ! Are our Island's eyes
Gowne dimme with age, The Vniversities ?
Why had not they the letter read ?
They would at first strike deepe ; 'tis true, but so
That they looke through their Soveraigne, you
The eyes are alwaies in the Head. (know

VII.

Partus determinatio.

Vpon the Kings discovering of the plot.

That Kings are sometimes Prophets too we see,

What made our *James* else prophecie?

True vertue often crownes Nobilitie.

How true was he the King of Schollers fam'd,

That Rome with her owne sword hath tam'd?

Well Schollers King, well King of Schollers

(nam'd,

The paper bids him burne the paper, so

The danger would be over to.

He saves himselfe and paper with a No..

How so? we reade the danger is not o're.

unlesse the Letter burnt before.

Then burne it, and the danger is no more.

But reade againe, and then perhaps you'l see,

How bravely you are danger free,

If't be so soone o're-past, how soone wil't be?

This made our *James* more nimble then the fire,

This thought did make his thoughts retyre

To search out what was tangled in that bryer.

He dived therefore somewhat lower yet;
 And truely such a dive was fitt,
 To sound the intralls of so deepe a pitt.

His Nobles now as well as He must move,
 And presently his verdict prove,
 Searching out that below, he saw above.

They seeke, but see not : Did you never heare
 Too nigh an object is too neare ?
 I can see better farther off then here.

The King sees yet : He bids them search agin :
 They goe, then bring the message in.
 Nothing before, is now the very thing.

(Thus have I scene a beagle soone o'reunn,
 The new-borne sent but now begunn,
 Then counterhunt it when it is halfe donn.)

They, that made nothing of it, found it something
 Reade backwards, if you meane the King,
 Who making something of it, made it nothing.

VIII.

*Prælecta obſtetrix.*Upon Faux ready to deliver *it*.

Out Monster-Tiger, a fell vipers brood, blood)
 (That wouldſt ſuck with thy milk, thy mother's
 Spawn'd with a *Richards* tufh, not toothles borne,
 Drawing the fountaine-breafh, thou wouleſt have
 A paſſage to hir heart, gnawd that for food, (tome
 And like *Prometheus* Vultur ſuckt on blood.
 Thou'l ſuck, but ſo that thou mayſt open too (flow
 A conduit-veine whence blood with milke may
 I wonder that thy mother wean'd Thee not
 From hir, whence thou this Viper-nature got:
 (Thy ſtep-nurſe, Rome I meane, that purple whor
 Whose breasts milkt venome from a putrid ſoar
 But ſee, Rome nurſt Thee, therefore thou wile be
 By hir brought up unto this villany.
Rome once a *Nero* had to kill a mother,
 Leaſt *Rome* ſhould want one now, thou prov'ſt a
 And hath not ſhe hir Jesuits, that thou (nother
 Muſt provc a Mid-wife to hir treason now?
 What would you haue the whore when all is done
 Lay at our doore hir new borne baſtard ſonne?
 Avant groſſe excrement: know thus much, that
 Englaſd doth ſcorne to Father ſuch a brat.

Novembri's Monstrum.

Vpon the same.

Vp night-owle, and breake o'pe thy sealed eyes,
Venter to looke upon the mantled skyes.

Sol hath remov'd his court, the glorious day
And all his followers have packt away.

Light is full mounted in her seate of jet,
And lies wrapt in her cloudy cabanet.

Care not, *Apollo*'s gone; his prying eye
Can neither see nor blab thy villanie.

Envie hath gone her time, and doth begin
To be in travell with her full-growne sin.

Up then, and see that all things ready be
Tis thou must hasten her delivery,

Pluto hath sent his Pursivant away

To summon thy appeareance, make no stay:
Goe, take thy charge, that thou maist licenc't be,
And show a patient for thy viilany.

With thy darke-lanthorrie, that true *Gyges* ring,
Which, thou unseene, makes Thee see ev'ry thing.

Take that turn'd-Hypocrite, whose outward show
Is night, but inward like the day doth glow.

Soule as a mist without, all fayre within,

Vice would seeme vice sometimes to cloake a sin.

Thy darke companion will still be true,
And by denying light, will lighten you.

Then downe with hast to that infernall cell,
Where furious envy, and hid treason dwell,

Tell

Tell them Hell's suffrage hath elected you
 Groome of that chamber, where death lyes below
 And you must call it up as soone as day
 Be christned, as the Sunne whips night away.
 Looke then unto your charge, and see that he
 Sleepe not beyond his time, but stirring be ;
 Else all his breakefast may be spoyl'd, and He
 Will misse his morning's draft of Majestie.
 Nor you (proud factor for the Netherlands,
 Agent for hell) must suffer *Morpheus* bands
 To tye your eye-lids up : what if the birth
 Miscarry, e're the night expires her breath.
 In stead of being Sainted, you shall be
 Inrol'd for purgatory, and there made free. (eyes

Then girt thy selfe for Rome, and charge thine
 That they like watchfull *Argus* keepe the prize.
 Be thou an *Heirogliphick* to the hare,
 Sleepe waking with thine eyes unclos'd, and bare.
 And when the day begins to ope her eyes
 Like *Nilus* with the rising Sunne arise.
 What though thou saile through the *Aegan sea*,
 Tost up and downe with fear's perplexity?
 Thinke every one thou seest is come to bring
 Thee tydings of a kingdome to a King.
 Thou seek'st a throne : who would not think it
 To swim unto it through a sea of blood ? (good
 But heaven looks on, & *Love* is comming down
 His milkie pavement with a furrow'd frowne

Justice

Justice sits in his eyc (and yet 'tis blinde :
 It sees but sees not ; smiles that it should finde
 Such secreasie in Treason) vengeance lyes
 Wrapt in the wrinkles round about his eyes.
 Next, down the Regent walke, *Astrea* came
 Following high Iove to Judge the world againe.
 Justice tooke wing before, and left the earth,
 But seeing crueltie recover breath,
 And grow to such a Gyant-stature, shee
 Returns bedeckt with greater Majestie.
 The *Cyclops* arm'd with thunder round about,
 Attends them both to drive those Traitors out.
 Then tremble treachery ; treason unmaske
 Thy muffl'd face ; make bare thy knees , and aske
 A pardon of the Gods : hold up thy hand,
 Guilt doth indite Thee, and for guilty stand.
 Justice is come to visite once againe,
 Tenders hir hand to kisse, if you'l reclaime.
 Or else (by that impartiall soule, that guides
 Hir hand) the sword your soule and clay divides.
 No no : (Grand Enginere of crueltie)
 Ne're startle at the newes : what's this to thee ?
 Thou haft an *Heliotrophic*-stone, which will
 Put out the eyes of Iustice, blinde hir still.
 Send for Don *Pluto*'s sheild, that thou maist see
 Approaching justice, and she not see Thee.
 Sure in the face of vengeance, and outdare
 Those executioners, that comes to skare (peale,
 Thee from thy charge : Laugh at their thunder-
 And let them heare the Eccho oft from hell.

Why? thou'rt prepar'd for this; can this be newse,
 When thou such prodiges thy selfe doft use ?
 Harden thy cruell heart, untill it grow
 Skind like a Sea-calf to withstand the blow
 Of hotter vengeance: crowne thy head with bayes,
 To scare the Cyclops from thy hidden wayes.
 If all scarfe-doe : with thine owne plot begin,
 Blow them from earth up into heaven agin.
 Thou know'st thy charg; what Rome expects from
 How she hath cram'd thee for this crueltie? (Thee;
 Write after hir, and when the coppys writh;
 Let all that teade, see thou'rt hir counterfeit.
 Be like hir, but more cruell in thy wit,
 Write by the coppie, but still better it.
Romulus suck'd a wolfe, and was as shee, (bee.
 Thou suckst of Rome, then thou like Rome must
 What *Romulus* did suck, to Rome he gave,
 What Rome from *Romulus*, that thou must have.
 Outvie them all, Rome, *Romulus*, and Hir
 That nurst thy cruell grand progenitor.

Natu-

IX

Natalis expectata celebratio.

Vpon the match of hunting appointed on
the birth day, where they intended to surprize the
Lady *Elizabeth*, but in the meane time they
themselves were surpriz'd.

Aetnaon's gone to hunt, the day we see
Appointed is, and where the game shall be.
Aetnaon as he hunted glanc'd a side,
And there *Diana* in a thicket spy'd.

Diana? No, it was a fairer she,
Her Nymphs it may be might *Diana's* be.
And yet me thinkes *Diana* it should be
Rather *Diana's* true Divinity.

For as *Aetnaon* spies that beauty there,
Aetnaon's turn'd *Aetnaon* like a Deere.

He that came forth to hunt is hunted straight,
They lye in waite for him, that lay in waite.
The yelping Echoes of the hound's are done,
The Hue and Cry after the Hunter's gone:

I see that Poets now can prophesie,
And in a parable tell what shall be.
I see that fables are not alwaies lyes,
Time often doth a fable moralize.

X

Abortivum Monstrum.

Vpon the miscarrying of the birth.

Oft have I knowne a child prove Parricide,
Dividing soule and clay as't did divide

The

The Parent's gasping wombe, through which her
Went with the body of the child for tole (soule
To pay the infant's passage, and repreive it
From th' falling prison, if not quite releive it.
Sometimes a child the Parent's name doth smother,
Killing the mother 'fore it had a mother,
Oft have I heard a woman travail'd so
That in the sigh her sonle did coine and goe.
Strange travell ! when her soule is faine to take
So farre a journey for her infants sake.
When thus the Parent mother must begin
To leave the world to bring her infant in ;
Must dye, to teach hir child how first to live,
And being dead in it learne to revive
As if *Pythagoras* had taught her soule
It's transmigration, And it knew no Pole :
No Paradiile, but presently did passe,
And in the infant clay informant was.
What ? did you never see a wombe deny
The burthen, but unload it presently.
Rome proves it selfe an *Hieroglyphick* well
To speake what I have spoke, and yet shall spell
The truth once over to you more ; if yet
Your cloak't-capaciti's are hid from it.
Indeede their fruitfull shee-Pope tarry'd not,
But brought forth soone, as if she had forgot
Once to bespeak a midwife, or else thought
To brew as well as she had bak't for nought.

And

And yet see, how shee's brought to bed in State,
How many thousands hir congratulate
Being at hir labour met. I wonder she
Was brought to bed alone in companie. (faine)

But now ther's no such matter; Rome would
Once travaile with a second birth againe.
And see, the Pope grows big indeede: How now?
What, hath not Rome had breeding Popes enough?
How did your Card'nalls misse the chayre, that
Have let another she-Pope slip away? (they)
Oh 'tis no matter, they'l take care that she
Be not deliver'd now too openly.

The heav'n no more shall prove a Canopie
The Market place no more a chamber be.
When this shall be deliver'd Rome will bye
A privie-chamber for this secrecie.

(Had not Pope *Jone* bin brought to bed so patt,
She would have found a vault too for his Bratt.)

But see, the birth day's come; Conduct your
Vinto hir privie-chamber, where ther's store, where
Of *Pluto*'s Pothecarie drugs that be
Provided for her safe delivirie.
What? Is she yet in labour? hath she got
Hir Predecessors faculty or not?
Had she an harder travaile then your *Jone*?
What hath God sent hir tro? what two or one?
I feare she was so overbig, that shee
With Bratt miscarri'd in deliverie.

What

What was the matter Rome ? did not the whore
Goe full the time shee reckon'd on before ?
Was this hir fist conceaved bratt, that shhee
Before hir time met hir deliverie ?
What ? Is the child still borne ? Tis so I see
The birth's abortive, though the mother be.
(Thus have I seene an hasty apple drop
Abortive from the tree before the crop.
But then 'twas rotten, blasted, withered
Although the mother-tree was no way dead.)
The still-borne bate hath thus miscarried,
'Twas not deliver'd though delivered.

The womb that casts before the time doth still
Threaten the Infant, if not alwaies kill.
Wher's now the Infant which new borne had
At once both *England* & her soverainge ? (slaine
Which had spitt living coales as he begann
To live, and dy'd as they had dyed than.
What meanes *November*'s fist day and the store
Provided for the birth so long before ?
The purple whore this day expected shhee
Should have beene blest with her deliverie.
This day once come, the birth was nigh indeed ;
But th' Bratt was still borne, we delivered.

The child, which dyes before it lives, doth still
Threaten the Mother Parent, if not kill.

XI.

Parturientis periculum.

Vpon the whores downefall in Blackfryers
on their sift day of November.

What makes us then sigh prayers for Babel's fall
As if that Babylon ne're fell at all?
Wher's Rome's Armado Spaine so stood upon,
No Navie but a wand'ring Babylon?
Is not that fallen? True; how could it stand?
It was a Babel, but 'twas built o'th' sand.
The wind's they whisl'd to the wav's a charge,
The wav's brake out, and roaring speake at large
Their message to the Sands: the sands obey.
After the cap'ring waves they dance away.
When th' wind thus blew, when thus the water's
There Babel built upon the lands, prov'd lame.

What makes us then sigh prayers for Babel's fall
As if that Babylon ne're fell at all?
But on, what meanes November's Holy-day?
Her sifte dayes chiefest royalty, which may
Be calculated with the reddest letter,
To speake their bloody Stratagem the better.
Rome then began to build a Babel too,
She dig'd for a foundation so low;

And.

And then had thought to plucke downe *England's*
Out of her ruines to repaire their owne. (Throne
But as they built they were surpriz'd, that they
Were faine to leave their Babel halfe the way.

Thus not to rise is nothing but to fall,

Who'l say that Babylon ne're fell at all?

But once more reade, and then perhaps you'l see
Babel a third time fall a third degree.

Water did once o'retop Rom's Babel's so,
That though 'twere Babel it did Rome o're throw.
Babell first fell by water, next by fire,
Not that it burnt, but that it slack't it's ire.

Fire and water, though they disagree
Become now sister Elements we see
And joyn their forces to enact heav'ns will,
Th' one by fighting, th' other standing still.

What fire and water doth, that earth will doe,
For earth did swallow falling Babell too.

November twice saw Babel fall on day,
This makes her fift day twice an holy day.

And *Eighty Eight* told Babell by her fall,
That, that was then her Climactericall.

And yet is Babell still? where doth she stand?
She fell by water, and she fell by land.

Thrice Babylon we see hath got a fall,
But oh that she were fallen once for all!

Babel's so high it is no wonder she,
Is so long falling to her last degree.

But

But yet 'tis well that she three stories fell;
Fall but the fourth, 'twill bring her downe to hell
Me thinkes I see those knotted rafters there
Like carv'd-out *Atlas'es*, which well might bear
A burthen greater then the Spheares could lend
An *Aetna* if it once began to bend.
Enough to keepe up mountaines, and support
From nodd'g even *Babel's* stoutest fort.
And yet when *Babel's* Bratt loaded with sinne,
Comes on the Stage to act her part therein;
It makes the oake to yeeld, the Cedar bend
And roors up the foundation from their end.
That which before did make the prouder walls
Sprout up to heav'n, tript up by heav'n, it falls
Downe levell with the earth, and that which knew
No crookednes, bends like a twig of ewe.
Sin makes the creatures groane, & bowing downe
Lye in the dust for that, man won't be moane.
Fye purblind Rome ! what-made your bald-pate
Outface the face of heav'n in such an hew? (crew
Did heav'n your fist days treachery betray
That you might turne it to an Holy-day?
Went on your plot so well, that you must call
A day apart for a set Festivall? (draw vell
What ignorance hath brawn'd your softish soule
That when the arme of strenght stretcht out con-
With a proclaim'd defiance what you did, (troules
Poynting out that from heav'n, which lay f'd hid?

You

You nod at the finger in a triumph straight,
And shout the conquest being lead captivate?
What made you sound the Trumpet so and call
Such a rife-raffle to your Stygian hall?
Was it that you might belch out a defiance
In open Court upon the Gods, 'cause they
Opening the casements of the spangl'd spheare
Lookt downe from heaven, and so discov'rd there
That mastled project, which you thought to keep
From them; no, no, The gods are not a sleep.
Or was it 'cause that *Albion* bauk't your ire
You'd curse us to a Purgatories fire?
Rather purchance you fel an hell within
Still glowing in each conscience, which the sin
Had newly kindled; and dispaire had blowd,
Till it to a consuming fire glowd.
And therefore you must thither poast to take
The refuge of your holy water-lake;
Sprink'ing your selfe with it, that you might tame
The fury of your selfe consuming flame.
Or wash your hands in it, and so might be
As innocent as *Eden* puritie.
Fondnesse! as if that niter could cleanse sinne,
Which may shew faire without, when foule with-
Or else to blesse your sel'ves from after losses, (in.
Crossing your selves to keep your selves from crof-
Nor this nor that: you thought that rable crue (ses
(Which in a Catholique bravado threw

There

There carelesse lives away, that they might get
 More Kingdomes to your Triple Coronet)
 Were hang'd to Saints, & that their unjust doom
 Was nothing but to suffer Martyrdoine.
 And therefore you'd be sure the fift day too
 Should be as well an Holy-day to you.

Thus winged with a faultring zeale thy flye
 Vnto their consecrated Friery
 To adore those new-made Saints, and gratulate
 Their safe arrivall at the *Eliz'an* state.
 And now to them, wh' alive were dead in feares,
 Being dead, they pray to rid them of their cares.
 Then by a gen'rall councell they agree
 To celebrate their yearely memory,
 Thus reb the yeare of dayes, that so they may
 Give to each Saint his sev'rall Holy-day.
 Or cause they jointly suffred as one member
 They givc an All-Saints-day unto *November*.
 Fond zelots! you had better turne the page,
 Convert your feasts into a pilgrimage.
 Walke with iepentant feete to forreigne Isles
 Their sigh your selves to sadder syllables:
 And ev'ry desert, that you softly tread
 With naked pennance feete, let fall a Beade.
 That so all passengeis in after age
 May count the paces of your pilgrimage.

Cut

get Cut downe your Saints, that by their merites found
A new way up to heaven, above the ground.
oom Those ropes will serve for cords to gird about
Your hairie loynes to doe your penance out ?
Or else preserve them, till you steale away
The Poles, on which their head's march in array,
Then send them o're, I'le warrant you they'l be
A choicer Relique for posteritie.
But whisper softly (muse) a while, you'l drive
Those empty droanes out oftheir borrow'd hive,
You'l coole their hot divotion, put them out
Before their Ceremony's brought about.
You'l turne the Priest besides the cushion straight,
Make him scratch memry from his balder pate.
Before h' hath found it, he will loose the text,
And scarce the first word out, forget the next.
You'l make the other from his palsie fist
Drop downe his wafer God-Emmanualist.
And then some fawcy dog will snatch it there,
And transubstantiate it, I know not where.
The third disturbed, will sprinckle unawares
The Holy-water on the sacred sta'res. (come
Stand backe a while, keepe off, vengeance will
And summon them to silence e're they've done.
Looke what that right hand speakes unto the wall,
See there imprinted fairely Babels fall.

Novembris Monstrum.

(the)

The hand from heav'n hath charg'd the walls, that
Withdraw their shoulders, and the walls obey. W
Nay there stands Sampson, him whom they bega D
With sulphur'd lungs to spitt their venome on, A
And like the wanton Philistines to play B
Some pranks upon him on their holy-day. D
But he the truer Sampson verifi'd F
What Typically t'other Sampson did. T
He toucht the posts with a command, they fall S
Striking all dead into one funerall. W
Perchance they thought He was as blind as He, S
But henceforth see, the eye of heaven can see. A
A Video video smil'd on you before, S
He saw you then how durst you tempt him more G
But when the Asse, that falles intq the pit S
Will not take heede, Hee'll fall agin it it. V
Who bolder then blind Bayard, who more blin B
Then such a sottish, stockish, rabble kind A
Where ignorance doth murther zeale, a brat T
As blind as their carv'd God, as cold as that? A
But now by this I hope they 've learnt to see A
They strike at heaven, that aime at Majestie. A
Proud Gygant ~~can~~ race, leave off to move N
In Martiall fight the unconquerd Gods above. Y
What? will you get 'gainst Love your seiges lay S
And still before the walls of heaven display S
Hells blacker banners, raise the siege at length, W
Retraite, ne're stay to trye out strength with strength T
Y

You felt the weight of his immediate hand,
Who beck'ning only just at his command, Micht
Destruction posted plumed with Fury's wing
And stay'd not for a solemn sursumming.
By Gods owne pursevants, which commonly
Doe use to be destruction's Mercury.
Fire or water, stormes, or darts of thunder,
These use to be his messengers of wonder.
Sometimes he post's to batle in array,
Wrapt in a whirlwind, fur'ous of delay.
Sometimes he rides upon a prouder wave
And thence he doth his stoutest toes outbrave.
Sometimes againe he marcheth through a cloud
Girt with a scarfe of light'ning, and aloud
Send's forth his watchword to the Cyclop's there
(Who rank's the squadron's out, & keeps the reare)
Bidding them with as loud a voyce discharge
A volly of thunder, which may rend at large
The duskish mantle of the skyes, and make
A passage through the clouds, that wrath may
A freer Aime to shoothe her vengeance right (take
And execute what he decree'd hath quite.
Now this, and this, now that's his messenger,
Yet alwaies God hath not a harbinger.
Sometimes his hand doth smite without a sword,
Sometimes without an hand, he sends his word,
Whereof the softest accent is enough
To rend the world if once sent out in wrath.

D

Then

Then see (sphod Rome) thy seeded Villany,
 That Majestic it selfe must dealt with Thee.
 Creatures those Proxit-servants of the King,
 Hee'st hardly trust at thy grand suffering.
 To rid away thy execution,
 Hee'll be in presence there to see it done.
 He might have sent the bowells of the earth,
 That roaring *Bor* as with his blustering Breath,
 And whirlewind-nostrills might rush forth, & cast
 The Fabrick levell at one rending blast.
 He might have op't the treasury's of the ayre,
 And fling'd his hayle downe, to untop it bare.
 Thus made a way for thicker stormes to fall
 And fling downe death on each in evry ball.
 He might have bidden Neptune call a way
 His whiteplum'd hills to march in set array.
 And with his Trident-mace command each wave
 To swell unto a tide, and thus out-brave
 The proudest top that peele'st above the rest,
 And sweep thy building too-away at last.
 He might have caus'd a shoure of brimstone fall
 And rain'd downe flames of Gunpowder withall
 Not to blow up it, but to burne downe all.

But neither fire did fall; nor water rise
 Nor wind, nor storme seyn'd in this enterpize.
 The word, that with a word did make all these
 Without them, can doe when, and what he please.
When

November's Monstrum.

When he intends to make his glory ride
Tryumphant, shining with a sacred pride:
He lay's a side the meanes with his left hand,
And with his right doth, what he please, com-
Then tremble Babylon to see thy fall, (hand:
'Twas God himselfe was in the recling wall.
He set himselfe to do'e: that all might see
'Twas his right arme that gat the victory.
His presence made the trembling stones to shake
To a quivering ague, and the rafters quake,
Till all their unknit joynts were loos'd, the wall
Before his sacred presence downe did fall.
He charg'd the sinewes of the house to shrinke,
And bid the pinns unty, that all might sincke.
They heare his voyce, and at his voyce obey,
Thus thus the crumblng fabrick pittes away.

What makes us then sigh prayers for Babels fall
As if that Babylon were fell at all?
It fell, and sure the fall was great; it fell
As if it had prepar'd away to hell;
Making a passage with its weight, to send
That rable rout unto their Stygian end.
It fell, and in the fall below'd so loud,
As if two rocks, falling at once, did crowd,
Rushing each others side, and strove which shal
Ecco the neighbouring hills the louder call.
It fell, and struck so, it could not more harne
ease. Had it beenc hurled from a Cyclop's arme.

It fell but holloo'd out, so loud i' th' fall,
As if it would the dead, it kil'd, recall.
It fel; stop there! Lett's heare a while what Rome
Can say unto this second Martyrdome. (yeare
Should they but pilfer our more dayes from th'
To canonize for those that suffer'd there
They must create new Almanacks, and make
Their next yeare longer for their Martyr's sake.
Or else joyne two Saints to make up one day
A simkin, and a gimkin Holy-day. (tricks
Now plodding Rome, what have your pie-ball
Gendred in plotting 'gainst the Heretic kes.
Goe, goe, divide the spoyle that is come in,
Wee le cast up ours, and let them laugh that win.
You thought to make us rise, by rising fall;
You fell at once, but never rise at all.
If we had fell, by falling we had rise
Hell's sometimes the high-way-roade to blisse.
Had you then rise, yet rising you had fell,
Heaven is sometimes the broadest way to hell.
You fell, we stand, heaven downward striks we see
And hell aimes upwards; what's the mistery?
Is Rome's *America* placed in the Ayre,
Their new found Purgatory founded there?
That *Pluto* plor's such stratagems to guard
The English Catholiques up thither-ward.
'Tis so I ses; their Purgatory's there;
I thought it was a Castle in the ayre.

The Corollary.

Strange birth ! the Pope he is the Holy Father,
The Earth the Mother is, the Master rather,
Pluto the Grandsire, and the Deputyes.
Not two or four, but all the infernall fryes.
Of Monk's, and Iesuit's, Priests, Masse Priests too
Intended are as witnessses unto
This Affrick birth ; would you the midwife yet ?
Faux was appointed to deliver it,
It was begot in Hell, conceiv'd in Rome,
And should have beene deliver'd here at home.
But *England* would not lend that life, which fell
To be a Mongrell betwixt Rome and Hell.

ИЗДАНИЯ

NOVEMBRI MONASTERIUM

of the Ringers and Bells of T
The Historicall narra-
tion of the damnable

Powder-Treason.

WITH

The dayes for Englands Mir-
culeous deliverance.

Printed by Francis Leach.

M E S O N 1641.

London, Printed by Frances Leach.

M E S O N

1641.

D 4

To the Iudicious Reader.

NOT biting, says, nor drawing file
Drops only from a Parrot's bill.

A bitter ficer is good, wormwood is worse
Is to a Poet the best Hypocrite.

Thou art the Man unto the man of Sinne

Is the Musit ans biting the right string.

Her's nothing' whipt ana stript but Babels Bratt,
Which long agoe backe vpon condamned to that.

There all met bitter sweet, nor sweetnesse bitter
If you finde both, you will finde both together,

And so both mingled, both together shall,
Prove so bad stroakes a good Cordiall.

Be but judicious in thy censure then,

And if thou relish gall drop from the pen,

Conclude it is not honey, nor should be.

Or that thou bringest me backe againe Thee.

that I warrayd hauing taken
in 7. Within Saturne 17. A.D. 1614.

NOVEMBER'S

MONSTRUM,

Hus have I seene Ambition's Min'On.

soare

To teach the towring Mount of cob-
wed-fame,

Counting it Piety, trimbrace in goare

His blood-renc't hands, so He may get a name,

Though He like Tantalis both live and dye :
Catch at the Apple, that doth most Him fye.

(glory)

Thus hat proud Impe, that thought toware his
Before the fire of Diana's Shrine,
And make his name blaze forth in his own story,
Brighter then did the glowing Temple shine,
Must needs attempt that factledge to have
His name & Hims joynt-tenants of one grave.

3

Thus have I knowne a Monke and Fryers pride
Iustle for th' wall of cruelty, and see
Which of them should prove better Regicide,
That they for Saints may canonized be. (glory)
Whil'st he that thinkes to blazon forth their
Blots out their natus in setting out their story.

He that doth looke, from honour's hands to have
 The Layrell wreath, to crowne his works withall
 Must with the hands of virtue it receive
 Virtue gives scutch'ons to a funerall.

Else he, that would be heire of Fame, shall be,
 Executer of nought, but Infamie.

If *Icarus* doe strive with borrow'd wings
 To reach the Sun, and grapple with his bride,
 You'le see how soone his falle Ambition flyngs
 Him downe, and drownes his honour in the tyde.
 He that makes wings to flye to fame, shall see
 Fame will be ready to take wing and fleet.

6

What did proud *Phaeton*'s ambitious minde
 (In coveting his Father's reines to guide)
 Provide him for a Trophyc, did he finde
 That was the rode, where Fame and glory ride?

No, Fame will nece Ambition's yoke-mare be
 Hell must lend fire to light his infamie.

7

(stayres
 Then thinke no more (Proud Rome) of building
 That thole may seale to heav'n, and Sainted be,
 Who were chiefc agents for thy hell-affaires
 In plotting treason, and hid Tyranny,
 Thou canst not raise a Babell halfe so high :
 Ne're think to top those walls, or come so nigh
 But

s 8

But if thou will needs have thy factors ride
 Full mounted on the Register of Fame,
 Wyse help them up, a Pegasus provide,
 But wing'd with infamy, and plumed with shame.
 Blacke doades are crooked that they may be
 Enrol'd for basid, not for memory.

9

Then Historic fetch thy brazen penne, and discend
 For incke from blacker ashenrow that I
 May (guided by thy hand) in drasse command
 Rom's Monster-Beast to all posterity.
 That sager Time, may point out Rome to see,
 And make her blush; as her owne progeny.

s 10

When dreaming Emp'rur, whose phancy provid
 Truer then Phœbus did, that disfucced,
 Thought in his sleepe he slept, & death was movid
 By th' murd'rous bands of Phocas to powert.
 And deathes prouer not alwaies night-maynes, conni-
 nynghamdoes awake, wherewelcast dreams of it.

s 11

This Phocas dranke ambition's Mercury,
 Whiche kindled such a fire within his breast,
 Nothing would quench his thrist, but malignity,
 Mauricius must die, and still the gess vpon him.
 Thus swaded through his blood unto his shone
 This prouide did come to him: the ashamme.

Mauricius. * His wife and his Daughters. Once